

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

Number 619

Week Ending  
JANUARY 31, 1931

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d

## THE MINER AND HIS SUPPER

### A MINER'S DREAM OF HOME

#### MYSTERY OF A BRIDGE IN BUDAPEST

The Odd Figure Perched Up High in the Dark

#### A LITTLE SUPPER STORY

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Some evenings ago people passing along one of Budapest's principal bridges were horrified to see a man's figure precariously perched high up above their heads on one of its columns.

How had he got up there? And why? Was he a sleep-walker? Or some poor demented creature who knew not what he did and might at any moment hurl himself into the river?

Whatever or whoever he was, something would have to be done about him. He could not be left to his all too probable fate. So someone rushed off to notify the Fire Brigade, while someone else telephoned for an ambulance, and those who remained, a crowd growing larger every minute, stared with bated breath at the uncanny apparition above them as though by keeping it in sight they could keep it from coming to harm.

#### The Mystery Deepened

At last, to everyone's relief, the firemen arrived on the scene with a great clanking and tooting, and two of the men, hooking a ladder against the column of the bridge, swarmed up it amid the cheers of the onlookers. Even as they did so the mystery deepened, for suddenly where the figure on the column had been great red tongues of flame leaped up into the dark night sky. A murmur of horror went through the crowd. What would the firemen find? And would the ambulance be in time?

But what the firemen found when they reached the top was not horrible at all. The sight that met their eyes might almost have made them think they had dropped into the midst of a picnic.

There, comfortably seated on the top of the column, was the man they had come to rescue, *roasting a piece of cheese over a fire.*

"Have some?" he asked hospitably of the two heads rising over his horizon.

#### Not a Practical Joke

But the firemen, having turned out post-haste to save this same man from deadly peril, were in no mood for such amiable give-and-take. Rather they wanted to know, somewhat sternly, what he meant by such goings-on. Was it a practical joke, or what?

But the man said No; it was the simplest thing in the world. He was a miner out of work, with nowhere to lay his head, and no money to pay for lodgings even if he had had them. So he had gone up there where he would not be in anyone's way and had built himself a bit of a fire with a few sticks to warm

### Making For the Goal



In many girls' schools during the present term hockey gives place to lacrosse. Here we see a London girl in possession of the ball during a recent lacrosse match at Merton Abbey

himself and cook his supper by. Surely there was no harm in that?

The police, unfortunately, were of a different opinion; and the end of the matter was that he had to climb down from his aerial mansion and promise not to go mountaineering in the middle of Budapest again. It is to be hoped that he will get another job before long and be able to seek lodgings somewhat nearer earth. But he will have to give up being a miner before that can happen, for the Peace Treaty has deprived Hungary of practically all her mines.

#### THE WHEEL OF TIME

The wheel of time and foreign competition have at length affected the watchmakers of Switzerland.

Last year the sale of their watches fell to less than three-quarters of what it was the year before, and the Swiss manufacturers have now decided to use their factories for other purposes as well, such as the making of type-writers and calculating machines.

#### BETTER STEEL

#### The Good Luck of an Accident

An interesting discovery of scientific value has been made in Paris at the Engineering University.

Some time ago a new way of hardening steel was discovered by treating it with nitrogen gas, and this method has been found most valuable, although possessing one rather considerable drawback in the fact that the nitrogen only penetrates the outermost skin of the metal.

An accident in Paris showed the other day that if the steel were heated in an electric furnace while being acted on by the nitrogen, and high-frequency currents of the type used in wireless were passed through the furnace at the same time, the nitrogen would penetrate 35 times more deeply, and so give a new steel of tremendous hardness.

Together with the extra hardness comes greater tensile strength, so it looks as if engineers will greatly benefit by this lucky accident.

The C.N. for a Lonely Child  
Anywhere for 11s a Year  
*See back page*

### THREE HONEST FELLOWS

#### WHAT THEY FOUND AND WHAT THEY DID WITH IT

The Old World is Still Very Kind in These Days

#### A TRAMP WITH SIXPENCE

A tramp whose total possessions amounted to sixpence picked up two Pound Notes on a country road in Essex the other day and walked two miles to take the money to Grays police station.

Two poor boys in Bath the other week picked up five Pound Notes each and took them to the police station.

This is the story of the boys in Bath, sent to us by a friend of the C.N. who lives in that city.

Our friend, a lady, went out on a Saturday morning to pay her weekly books and do some shopping. She cashed a cheque at the bank and put five Pound Notes into her purse.

#### How the Notes Were Lost

Then misfortune overtook her. She went to the post office, and on leaving it she dropped the notes from her purse without noticing them. They fell on the step. Half an hour later she discovered her loss with dismay. A friendly policeman advised her to report at the Central police station, and then to advertise in the local paper.

The sergeant of police, after hearing her story, said with a smile "I think I can help you, Madam," and, going to a shelf, he took down an envelope. It contained the five notes!

"These were brought in a short while ago by a working-lad," he said. "The father of the boy is out of work, and it must have been a sore temptation to him to keep them; but he brought them here at once."

"He shall have two of them for himself," said the owner of the notes joyfully. "Ask him to come and see me." The lad duly arrived.

His coat was worn, but his face was radiant with honesty.

#### A Boy To Be Trusted

Besides the two notes he was given some good underwear, and the lady promised to see his employer and assure him that he had on his staff a boy whom he could trust utterly.

And this was not the end of the story, for the lady revisited the police-sergeant to tell him that the boy had called as he had been asked to do.

The sergeant said: "You were not the only lady to lose five pounds this week. A few days ago another lady dropped her purse containing five Pound Notes and some loose silver. That also was picked up by a poor working-lad, and he also brought it here at once. The lady has just sent two pounds reward for him, and here it is, all ready for him when he calls!"



## GOOD NEWS FOR SAD PEOPLE

### A FORTUNE FOR THE POOR BOX

#### A Rich Man's Kindness and a Wise Man's Tribute

#### THE FIRST OFFENDER

Two good deeds have been done for those unhappy people who find themselves in trouble with the police or magistrates in London.

A fortune of about £70,000 has been left for the Poor Boxes of London police courts, and a fund already over £1000 has been started to help first offenders.

The fortune of £70,000 has been bequeathed by Mr John Albert Drinan, a member of the Constitutional Club who lived at Nice. It will be a godsend to thousands of poor people who want a new start in life. Again and again a magistrate is able to give a little help from the Poor Box, and this substantial fund is something undreamed of.

#### Tribute to Sir Robert Wallace

The other fund, mainly on behalf of first offenders, is a memorial to the good work of a man still happily among us, Sir Robert Wallace. It does not seem right that we should reserve our tributes to good men till they are gone, and the tribute to the work of Sir Robert Wallace is to be paid in his lifetime.

Sir Robert is retiring from the Chairmanship of the London Sessions, and his friends have decided to raise a fund and apply it to the cause for which he has worked so wholeheartedly—the probation of offenders.

Sir Robert has always been a great advocate of this system, which really means giving a man another chance. He had often seen wretched people in the dock who had broken the law, yet were not criminals. They were sorry for what they had done, and with a little good advice and some practical help they would run straight.

#### For Deserving Cases

Money is nearly always needed to set a first offender on his feet again. If he is a man his tools are in pawn; if a woman, she must have respectable clothes before she can get work. Sometimes a job is waiting for a man who cannot afford the fare and dare not wear out his only boots by tramping to it.

So the Robert Wallace Probation Fund has been opened, and will be used for deserving cases. It will be administered by those shrewd though kindly folk known as Probation Officers.

Already the London justices have contributed over £1000 to the fund.

Sir Robert Wallace must be a happy man. Because of him many a little home will be saved and many a broken heart will be mended. Poor old parents waiting for news of a sentence will cry with joy when they hear that the stumbler is to have a fresh start. Little children will be spared taunts about a gaolbird father.

Long may Sir Robert live to hear of the good work of the fund! How right his friends are to pay their tribute to him now!

## A TALE OF FOUR CHILDREN

The Council of Kandy. By Muriel Clark (Carey Press. 2s 6d).

This is a charming little story of four children, showing how the simple faith of one of them led to a young student and the girl he married going as medical missionaries to Ceylon.

The children are well drawn, their varying characters being carefully contrasted, and the widowed mother has a special charm. A parrot gives humour to the story, and the discovery of stolen property in a cave forms a thrilling adventure which leads to a natural and happy ending.

## A RACE WELL RUN

### TOGO GOES TO YALE

#### The Dog That Carried the Serum For 675 Miles

#### HERO OF A UNIVERSITY

We learn that Yale University has had a hero stuffed.

Of course it has always been the custom to stuff heroes, and then get up and make speeches about them and give them presents of silver cups. But Togo, the hero at Yale, was not stuffed at a banquet. It was a taxidermist instead of a Lord Mayor who did the stuffing. Togo was an Alaskan sledge dog who won fame in 1925.

Now Togo is set up in the Peabody Museum at Yale, and he is certain to be the most popular exhibit.

Why does Yale set Togo up as a hero? The title is perhaps rather too grand for him, but he certainly did contribute to the saving of Nome in Alaska when there was a very serious outbreak of diphtheria there six years ago.

#### A Great Storm

So large was the epidemic that the supplies of anti-diphtheria serum were soon exhausted, and Nome was asking the world to send some more quickly. Then one of Alaska's great storms arose, and the town was cut off. All ordinary means of communication failed.

The doctors were shut up in the stricken city to fight the disease empty-handed, and the end might have been terrible but for Seppala and Togo.

Seppala is a well-known driver of dog teams, and he volunteered to take supplies of serum from Nenana to Nome, 675 miles away. He chose Togo as leader for his team though Togo was already old for a dog. Better than youth were Togo's trustiness and his willing heart. The leader must be a dog who will go till he drops.

#### Togo Arrives in Time

Seppala was right in choosing Togo. As if he knew that lost minutes meant lost lives Togo raced his fellows through the storm, and the serum arrived in time to check the epidemic. The people of Nome could have kissed the exhausted dogs who had rescued them.

Togo was never made to go on such a terrible journey again. He had earned his rest after a life of hard work willingly done. When he died last year he was 18.

Now he has a place of honour at Yale University; but Togo, we are sure, thought himself well rewarded when Seppala's hand fell gently on his head and Seppala's voice said "Well run, good dog."

## THE DEAN'S GOOD DEED

### Silence Round St Paul's

From now onward the big bell of the clock of St Paul's will sleep at nights, and allow others in its neighbourhood to do likewise.

The Dean of St Paul's, whose slumbers have long been disturbed by the chimes in the silent watches of the night, has given orders that they shall be stopped from 8.30 in the evening till 6.30 in the morning. The clock's motto is to be "Early to bed and early to rise."

Dean Inge has added nothing to the gloom of his neighbours in the City by his action. At night, except for the intermittent sounds of the church clocks, many of which express themselves at different moments when the hour comes, it is one of the most silent cities in the world. The silence was the more startlingly broken by the chimes.

There is no reason whatever why church clocks should go on striking at night, when people would be sleeping. To a light sleeper nothing, except a barking dog, is more disturbing. Wearisome it is to listen to the chimes that keep one awake at night.

## TO ETON

### The Quality of Mercy

*The following appeared in the C.N. a year or two ago.*

When any foreign people, notably Americans, visit us as friends there is no place which delights them more than Windsor Castle, Eton, and Stoke Poges.

America has nothing like any of these scenes. They vie with each other in charm, and some give Eton, with the Eton boy in his full top-hatted rig, first place in the trio. Certainly it is good company for Windsor's stateliness and the sweet seclusion of Gray's churchyard.

But will it be believed that still, as occasion serves, the Eton College Beagles are to be seen abroad, followed by a few score of these same super-educated boys, chasing a miserable, panic-stricken hare, the most timid of animals, till, after an hour or so of frantic flight and baffled turnings, utterly spent and exhausted, the poor, harmless thing is pounced on by a score or so of dogs and torn to pieces, and the boys are supposed to think they have had a wonderful day's sport?

Will it be believed that such a travesty of true sport, such an outrage on true manliness, such an orgy of cruelty, can be organised and calmly sanctioned as a part of twentieth-century education on its highest level in England?

Will it be believed that English boys, boys with the spirit of Raleigh and Drake and Livingstone in them, boys who are to carry the name and fame of these islands across every continent and beyond every sea, do this mean thing, delighting in the sufferings of a hare?

We cannot believe it, but we are told that it is so.

#### An Appeal to the Governors

*The following, signed by Bishops, Cabinet Ministers, famous writers, and peers, has just been sent to the governing body of Eton College.*

We would respectfully invite your attention to the very strong feeling which exists in many quarters against the Eton College Beagles. The last hundred years have seen a wonderful change in man's attitude toward animals.

Without entering into the general question of the morality of field sports as practised by adults, we do most strongly submit that Eton boys, with all the interests of the river and the playing-field, and the chance of practically every recreation which wealth and association afford, should resolve no longer to seek pleasure in hunting timid hares to death, but, if cross-country exercise is still desired, should adopt the drag hunt, as practised for years by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge as well as by several of the military, staff, and other colleges.

We recognise that, within the limits of the law, it is in the province of every public school to manage its own affairs, but we venture to suggest and hope that the governors, masters, and boys of Eton College will consider the claims of mercy and pity, and will resolve to give in this, as in other matters, a clear lead to the schools of England and the world.

*No reply having been received to either of these protests, it is presumed that this coward's sport will continue in one of the fairest of our English playing-fields.*

*To most of us it seems a pitiable failure of education to apply itself to character and to recognise the vital quality of the English spirit. It was Shylock to whom Shakespeare addressed his greatest appeal for mercy. Must it now be addressed to Eton?*

There are still nine million British homes without wireless sets.

A tree at Victoria Falls, in Rhodesia, has a circumference of 88 feet.

There are now branches of Toc H in 154 schools in England and Wales.

At the end of the war the Cyclist's Touring Club had 8000 members: today there are 28,000.

## DR JOHNSON'S FRIEND

### A KINDNESS HE ALWAYS REMEMBERED

#### Call a Dog Hervey and I Shall Love Him

#### POOR SCHOLARS IN GARRETS

A wide circle of friends is mourning the death of Lord Francis Hervey, a man who served his country faithfully as First Civil Service Commissioner, and left for posterity in gifts of knowledge of unconsidered history a treasure which will long keep his memory green.

He gave up a political career to devote his brilliant gifts of scholarship to the quiet toil of the antiquary and the historian of old times in Suffolk in days when abbey and monastery towered prodigious in the life of East Anglia.

Hervey is the family name of the Marquesses of Bristol, and always has a pleasant ring for lovers of literature by reason of a remark which once fell from Dr Johnson.

#### A Memorable Phrase

When he was a very poor boy, living at Lichfield with his charming, visionary old bookselling father, there was a Harry Hervey quartered as an officer in the town. This Hervey was of the same family, and by some happy, mysterious means which Johnson never explained he became interested in the great awkward lad who was distinguished above his fellows in his passion for learning.

He generously befriended Johnson, thought nothing of it, and went little honoured to his grave. But Johnson never forgot, and immortalised Harry Hervey in a memorable phrase. "Harry Hervey," he said, "was very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey I shall love him." Johnson was then himself nearing his own grave, an old man of 75, but all his life he had remembered the kindness which he had experienced in his youth from a man who died unsung, and to the end he celebrated him.

There was another member of the Hervey family, Thomas, brother of Henry, who also loved Johnson, and when about to make his will wrote him down for a legacy of £50; but then, he thought, he might himself outlive Johnson, so he would like him to have the money at once, and proposed that Boswell should convey it to the Doctor.

#### A Gracious Letter

This Boswell positively refused to do, saying "He might knock me down for insulting him—and afterwards pocket the note." So Thomas Hervey popped the £50 into an envelope with a gracious little letter, and Boswell delivered it and escaped unharmed.

The money would be welcome to Johnson, for he had known grinding poverty, had known what it was to fast 48 hours at a stretch, to walk London without a roof to his head, and to write work which has since become immortal out in the open parks.

He always quoted with approval the example of a scholar who lived in London at a rate of eightpence a week for a garret, gave his address at a three-halfpenny coffee shop, and only appeared in public on what were called "clean shirt" days.

## THINGS SAID

The State is bound to give every child a good chance. Lord Ullswater

The British landscape is coming to resemble a stage landscape.

Mr Ashley Dukes

Those who fight for freedom must always fight against the wind.

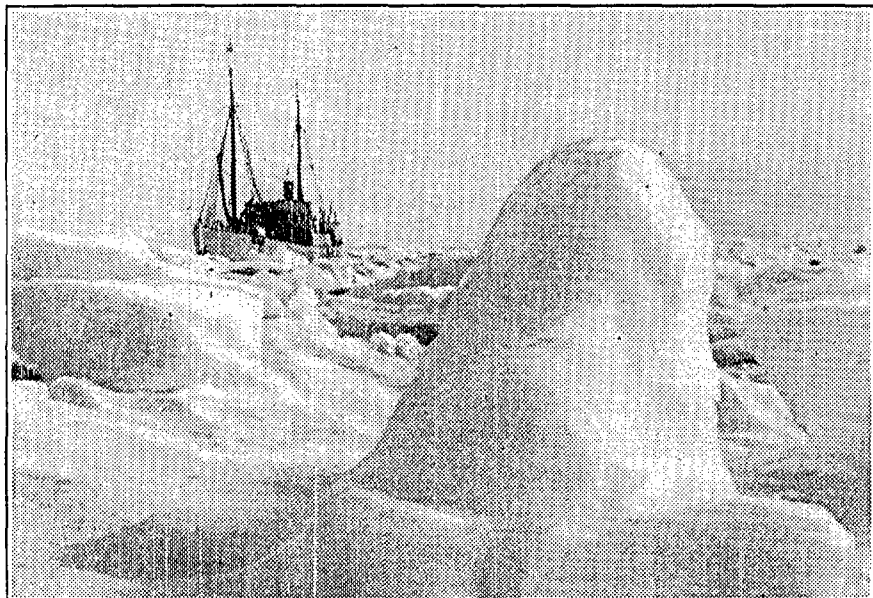
Mr H. W. Nevinnson

The bookshop with the completest stock in all languages is in Tokyo.

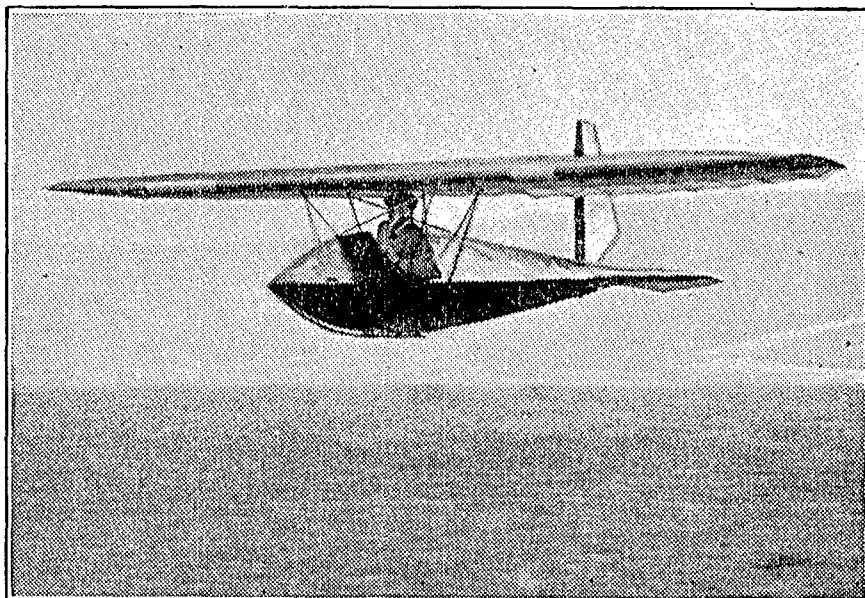
Mr Stanley Unwin



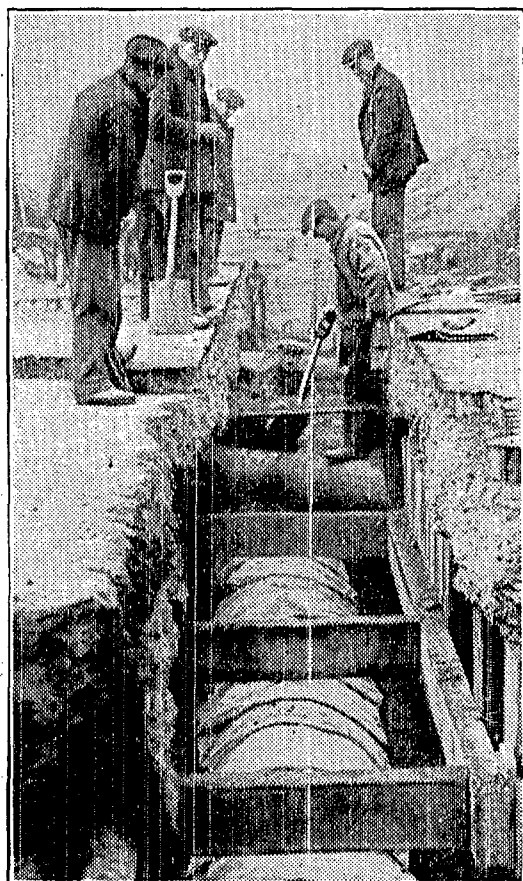
# BABY GLIDER • TRAPPED IN THE ICE • VILLAGE ORCHESTRA



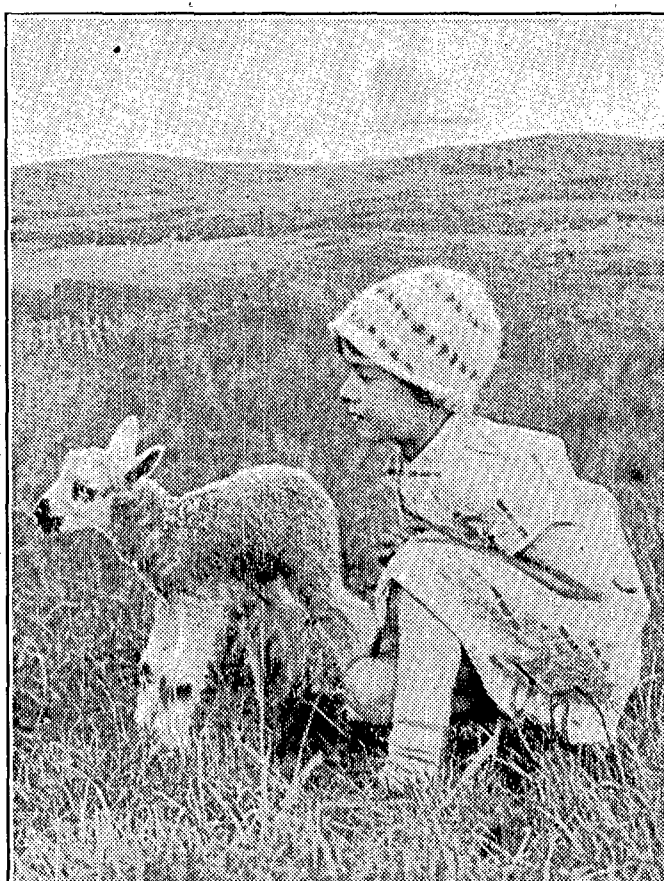
Trapped in the Ice—The perils of navigation in the Arctic are illustrated by this picture of a ship caught in the ice off the coast of Norway.



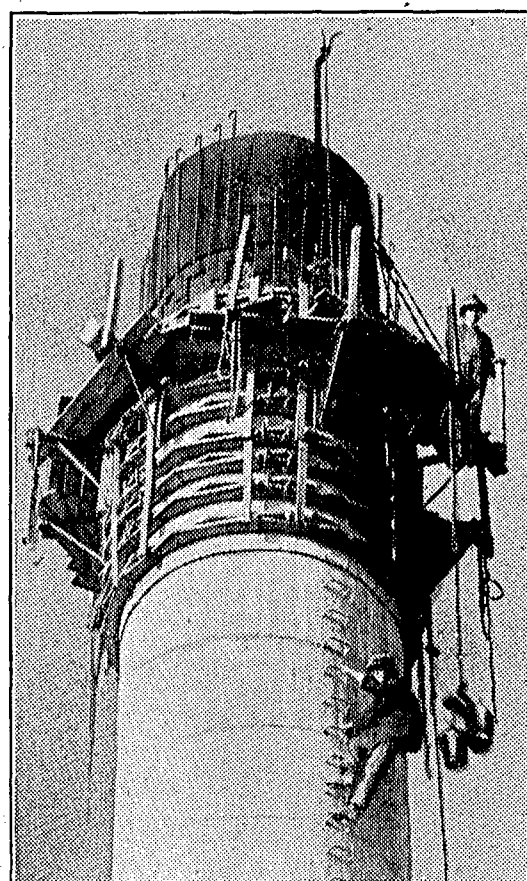
World's Smallest Glider?—Here we see in flight at Dunstable the Scud, a new glider which is said to be the smallest in the world. This type of glider costs only £75.



New Water Main—The water main which burst and flooded St Giles's Circus, London, not long ago has now been replaced by a new one, shown in this picture.



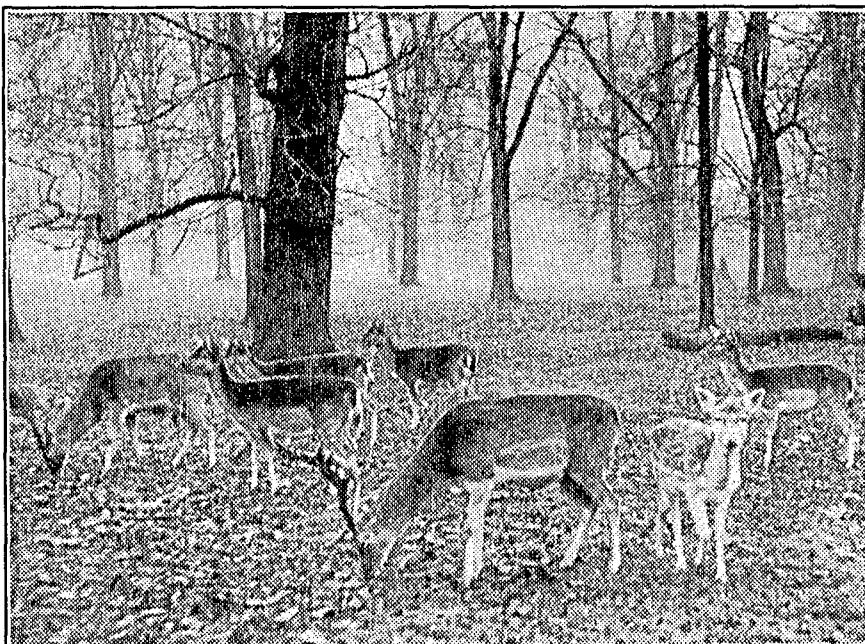
The New Pet—The lamb in this picture from Yorkshire, only a day old, soon found a devoted friend, who is wishing, perhaps, that her new pet would never grow up.



Jacket for a Chimney—Here we see how a jacket of reinforced concrete is being constructed round a tall chimney at the home of Plain Mr York.



Orchestra's Home-Made Instruments—These children of the Gloucestershire village of Edgeworth are playing on instruments made by themselves. They recently visited London.



Beautiful Oxford—The beauty of Oxford is not only in its ancient university buildings, as we see by this picture taken in the deer park of Maadalen College.



## A NEW SORT OF SENSATION

### LISTENING BUT NOT UNDERSTANDING

An Evening With the Wonderful Jewish Players

### THE JOY OF CREATING

One of our correspondents sends us this impression of a play by the famous Hebrew Players who have been visiting London.

The lights went down and the curtain went up, and I knew that I should not understand one word. The Habima Players were on the stage, and they were acting in Hebrew.

They were not only speaking in an unknown tongue: they were living a piece of life and allowing me to watch. They were saying sonorous and beautiful words and allowing me to listen. It was life in another world, I fancied; London, the English language, were forgotten.

This piece of life the actors were living had nothing to do with school, breakfast, dinner, tea, work, play, sleep. It was as far away from everyday affairs as Mount Horeb is from Piccadilly Circus. In five minutes I was caught up in an entirely new and delightful sensation. My eyes and ears changed parts. As I watched the speakers' faces, and their incomprehensible speech rolled and broke and murmured about me like the wind in a wood, I discovered afresh an old truth: only the blind can hear; only the deaf can see.

### Possessed With a Demon

The play, called *The Dybbuk*, was written by a man with the odd name of An-Sky. It was about an unhappy girl who was possessed with a demon, and it seemed to have come straight out of an Old Testament story. The programme gave a very short outline of the play, awkwardly written, sounding like a translation, but it explained who the characters were. The actors did the rest.

There was no need for the programme-story to tell me that the young man had fasted, struggled, made himself learned in order that his spirit might be powerful over other men's spirits. There was no need to tell me the girl was possessed with a demon. I knew it, and shivered. And I shivered when the ancient rabbi, white with age and holiness, who looked as if he might have written the Book of Isaiah, called to the demon to come out and leave the girl. And when the demon would not, and they brought candles and the holy books of the law and blew the ram's horn and drove the demon out, I felt that Mount Sinai was on the stage, wrapped in storm and cloud.

### A Jewish National Theatre

The Habima Players have created the National Jewish Theatre. Their headquarters is in Palestine, but they have taken their plays all over the world.

Thirteen years' work lies behind these plays that have been lately produced on an English stage. It was during the Russian Revolution in 1917 that a few eager spirits were seized with the idea of creating a Jewish National Theatre. They worked in Moscow for years, under terribly difficult conditions, and five winters ago they started their first tour.

Since then they have been back in Palestine, working, and now they have finished the London season they are going back again, to study, to prepare fresh plays to add to the few they are acting now. They will have the joy, so dear to the artist, of being appreciated, of feeling that this thing they have created is alive.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Amur . . . . .	Ah-moor
Hejaz . . . . .	Hej-ahz
Kashgar . . . . .	Kahsh-gahr
Magdeburg . . . . .	Mahg-de-boorg

## OLD ENGLAND AT THE ALBERT HALL

### Dance and Song

### LONG-LOST RELATIONS OF OUR FOLK DANCES

All seats sold—no standing room! is what late-comers are told every year at the Folk Dance Society's All-England Festival.

So many were turned away last year that this time the experiment was made of giving two performances, and the Albert Hall was easily twice filled.

At these cheerful festivals there are always dances of extraordinary interest, demonstrations by villagers from remote parts of Old England, and dancers from other nations who are as much interested in our folk dances as we are in theirs.

### Holiday Costumes

This year the visitors from abroad were peasants from the valley of Ariège, near French Catalonia, who wore their brightly-coloured holiday costumes. They seemed quite unconscious of the vast audience as they danced their country dances to the queer sounds of a large rustic hautbois. The simple tunes were played by an old musician wearing a biscuit-coloured cloak with a great monk's hood.

Lancashire millworkers wore strange barbaric costumes, and danced with blackened faces to the rhythmical clapping of curious wooden discs fastened to their hands, knees, and waists. This is evidently one of the midwinter ceremonial dances which have been kept up in England and other European countries from prehistoric times.

### The Sword Dance

A Manx schoolboy from Ramsey Elementary School delighted the audience with the Sword Dance of the Kings of Man. He danced so well that when he had finished one of the Ariège peasant women patted him on the back and congratulated him.

The peasants from Ariège, whose manners charmed everyone they met, found London a hospitable place, but they were terrified by the traffic, and the old musician would only venture out twice. The other dancers were entertained to tea-parties and taken to the Zoo and to a pantomime. But the outing which impressed them most of all was a visit to the wonderful town under Piccadilly Circus, and here they saw some people so strange that they literally mobbed them. The queer people were Cameron Highlanders!

## HULL AS IT MIGHT BE

### A Minister With a Vision

Our Minister of Transport must be one of our busiest men today, so we are glad to find that his hard work has in no way dimmed his vision.

If all our high officials could keep before them a clear view of what England could be, and work for its future years instead of stumbling along from day to day, things would soon come right.

Mr Herbert Morrison was visiting Hull the other day and gave expression to his vision of Hull as—

*A larger, wealthier, and finer city situate on a river better regulated than today, encircled by a ring road and playing-fields, linked with the Humber and joined to the west by a trunk road which will form an extension of the Liverpool-East Lancashire road now under construction.*

### To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher to use the Humane Killer

## RAILWAY MARCHING ON IN AFRICA

### A New Bridge Across the Nile

### ACROSS-AFRICA LINE A STEP NEARER

Close to the gap in the northern shore of Victoria Nyanza, through which the Nile pours over Ripon Falls to race between lofty rocky walls in rapids and cataracts toward Albert Nyanza, there now stands a bridge for both road and railway traffic.

Before this new bridge was opened early this year all goods from western Uganda had to be shipped across Victoria Nyanza or ferried across the Nile. The railway from Mombasa on the Indian Ocean to Jinja, the lake port beside Ripon Falls, has been extended across the Nile to Kampala, the chief town of Buganda, the western district of Uganda, whose border marches with Belgian Congo.

### Cheering Their First Train

Railways are being planned in Belgian Congo, and in time there is certain to be a railway across Africa which will link Kampala with Stanleyville and the Atlantic coast. The country of Buganda lies 5000 feet above the sea, and cattle-raising is its chief industry.

Coffee and cotton are grown and the climate is healthy.

The natives came in thousands to see and cheer their first train as it crossed the bridge and made its way to Kampala, while his Highness the Kabaka and his leading chiefs stood among the English engineers who have brought the means of wealth to their land. See *World Map*

## THIS FREEDOM

### Discoverer of the Trypanosome

From a bedroom in Bangor old Dr Griffith Evans peacefully watches the days go by. He wants but a thousand more of them to complete his rooth year.

Many days and well spent have been his. When the British Association met at Bangor last year its members recalled that fifty years before he had found in India the first trypanosome in cattle. This is a microscopic parasite which in its various forms causes more than one disease of animals.

It is carried by the tsetse fly, and the discovery of Griffith Evans was the first step in the campaign, by no means yet finished, which science is carrying out against some of the most dreaded of tropical diseases which occur in man as well as in other animals.

Where the British Association led, the Town Council of Bangor has felt honoured to follow. A deputation from it waited on the fine old man the other day to present him with a casket containing the Freedom of the City.

It was a happy idea to give this freedom for a captive of old age. Yet the veteran is not really a captive, for stone walls do not a prison make. His mind to him a kingdom is.

### BY WIND AND AIR

Air Commodore Kingsford Smith flew in the Southern Cross to Australia, and Mr Guy Menzies flew her from Sydney to New Zealand. What did the 13,000-mile journey cost?

A report from Wellington says the bill for petrol and oil was about £50.

The Southern Cross is an Avro Avian Sports aeroplane with 120 h.p. engine, and it does 22 miles to the gallon of petrol and 1200 to the gallon of oil.

But the airmen must not boast that they have found the cheapest way of doing long journeys. The C.N. would choose the Firecrest against the Southern Cross for cheapness. In that brave little boat Alain Gerbault sailed single-handed across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and his petrol bill was nothing.

## JOHN BALDWIN AND HIS FORGE

### The Pioneer of Long Ago

### MR BALDWIN REMEMBERS AN OLD MEMBER OF HIS HOUSE

Mr Baldwin has been telling the engineers at Birmingham how he has fared with his investments in industry in these hard times. Such things are true of all of us, and few men now can be envied for their security.

We take these paragraphs from Mr Baldwin's speech.

There lies in a little country churchyard not a dozen miles from where I live the body of one John Baldwin, described as being of the forge in the reign of Charles the Second, and from that time various members of my family have engaged in nearly every branch of the iron trade.

Those country forges are gone; the bones of the men who worked in them are dust and mingled with their native soil; the grass has grown over the hammer ponds, but their spirit, the pioneer spirit, lingers among our people.

### From £3 to 1s 8d

From that day to this, sometimes enjoying prosperity, sometimes having to struggle hard, my family have been connected with that great trade, and I have some right to talk of hard times.

When I took office most of what I had was in that ancient industry. The shares I hold now and which I held then could have been sold for £3 each; today they are worth twenty pence. There is no cataclysm on Earth that can bring them back to more than a fraction of their ancient value.

It may have been bad business on my part; many modern business men would say it was; I ought to have realised at the top of the market; but when you have an old name in business against which nothing has ever been said in this world, when you know that the public has come into the business on the strength of that name, it is impossible to throw your shares on the market when you know that in all human probability the loss will fall on them and not on you. I nailed my colours to the mast on that ship of British industry and I do not regret it.

## OUR UNIVERSITY MEN

### What Becomes of Them

### THE CHARMING AND CLEVER ONES

Many people have wondered what happens to all the promising young men who leave the Universities year by year.

Professor H. J. Paton, Professor of Logic at Glasgow, has troubled to find out, and told the International Students' Congress the other day. In his experience of University men:

Clever and ambitious ones go to the Bar or into politics,

Clever and cautious ones go into the Civil Service or University teaching,

Clever and queer ones go into museums or write poetry, while the

Stupidest and often the most charming ones go into the Army or into business!

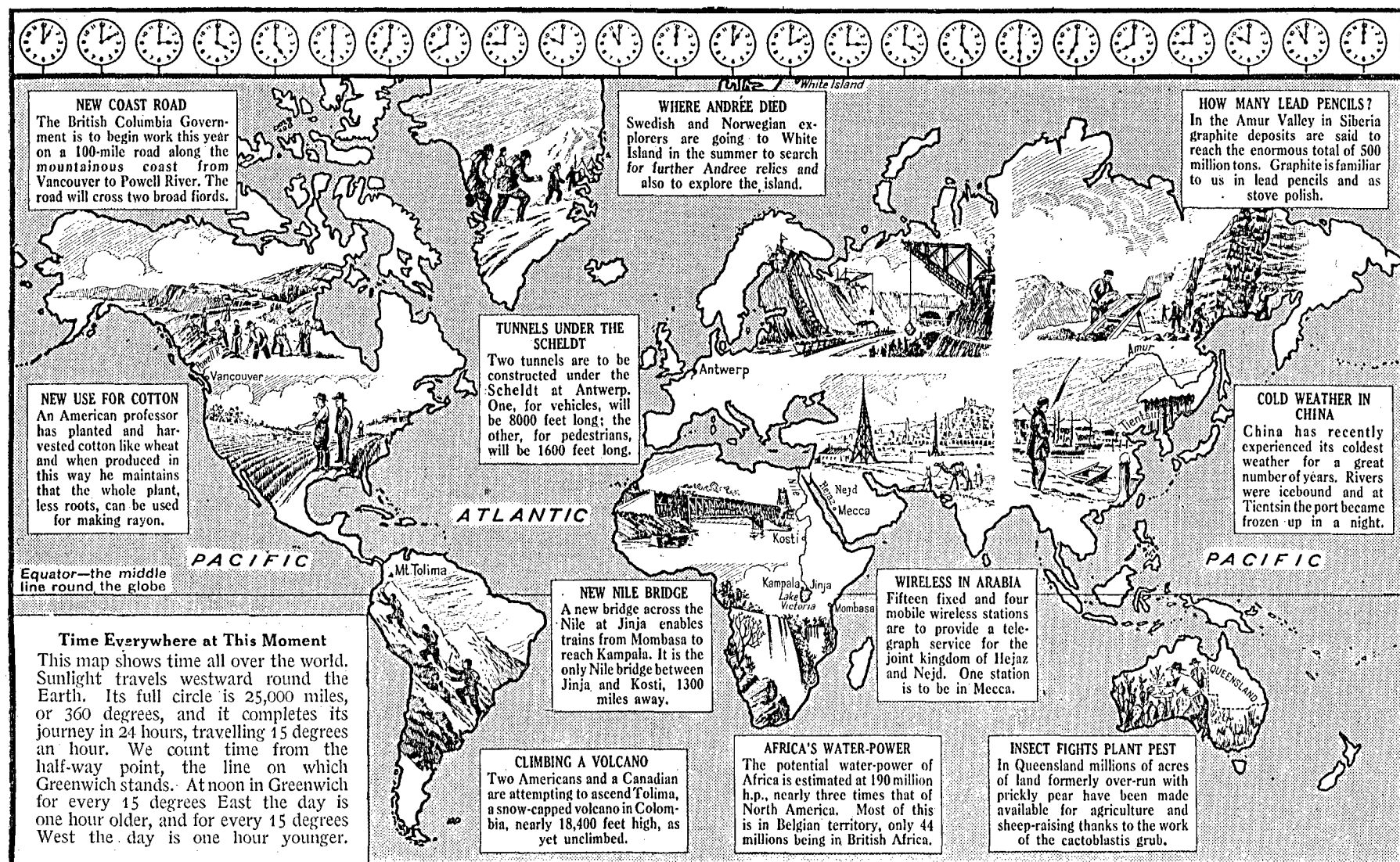
He adds that we should never have attained our present position in the world if the Army and business depended upon University men.

It is rather sad to find in the professor's list no mention at all of the clever and charming. Are all the clever ones too arrogant to be charming? We are reminded of the rhyme about the clever who are so rude to the good. But the C.N. begs its readers not to run away with the idea that you have only to be stupid to be charming.

Of every 100,000 tectotallers over 55,000 reach the age of 70; of every 100,000 non-abstainers it is stated that only 44,000 reach 70



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A WHITE LINE FOR FIVE MILES

### £50,000 Spent on a Road

Another straight line can now be added to the many straight lines on the map of the Isle of Ely.

The lines already on it indicate artificial waterways, the new line will stand for one of the finest new roads that have been built this century.

Highway engineers are working on one of the chief trunk roads across England, the route from Birmingham to Yarmouth. On the flat section from Peterborough to Wisbech they have constructed five miles which stretch like a white ribbon between the villages of Guyhirne and Wryde. The carriage-way is 20 feet wide and is formed of a cement which hardened so rapidly that it was fit for traffic five days after it was laid.

This road has cost £10,000 a mile to build, and it is claimed for it that it is the strongest and most perfectly formed highway in England.

## A MAN WHO HELPED WASHINGTON

There is no excuse now for young Americans not to know the history of their country. Every year appear three or four new stamps commemorating episodes and personalities that figure in American history.

The latest stamp has a portrait of Baron von Steuben, who was born 200 years ago at Magdeburg in Germany. He began his military career as a boy of 14 and distinguished himself in the campaigns of Frederick the Great.

In 1777, when he was 47, he went to America and offered his services to the colonists, who were badly in need of discipline and training in military matters, and proved to be of the greatest help to George Washington. He ended his days in a little town in Ohio named Steubenville in his honour.

## BUS AND TRAIN And the Motor Mail

Motor-buses continue to grow in size and efficiency, and more and more they are pushing out the train services from the less inhabited parts of the country.

Many branch railway lines and about 100 local stations have already been closed, including the 30-miles-long Alnwick and Coldstream branch of the L.N.E.R. and the nine miles of the L.M.S. between Skipton and Grassington.

The whistle of the passing train, however, will still greet the lonely ploughman, as the lines will be open for goods and heavy luggage traffic.

The four great railways have secured interests in fifty motor-coach companies, and committees are busy eliminating wasteful competition.

Associated with this development is a new method for the conveyance of Post Office mail bags. These have been transferred to the motor-omnibuses, and the result is a speedier and more frequent collection and delivery of letters for villages.

## THE ZEBRA OF UMTALI

The C.N. has many good friends at Umtali in Southern Rhodesia. Here is an interesting letter which comes to the Editor from John Watson, a pupil at the High School there.

The readers of the C.N. may be interested to hear of a zebra which has been seen on our ranch. It grazes in the paddocks with the cattle, and we have been able to approach within five yards of it while it watched us.

One night the zebra was seen leading the cattle on their way to the dip. It stayed the night in a small dip paddock, and in the morning we took a photograph of it. It went through the dip with the cattle and then returned with them to their paddock.

The next dipping day it repeated the performance. There is a small herd of zebras roaming the ranch, but this one prefers the company of the cattle.

## THE SOUR MAN ON A WET DAY

It was a miserable wet day, and the old lady with the barrow of bananas was in the depths of despondency. She had not sold a shilling's worth all day. Nobody hurrying home to get out of the wet wanted bananas.

So she prepared to push the barrow home. While she was finishing up ready to go a sour-looking man came up and stood by her. "How much for the lot?" he asked.

For a moment she was too surprised to answer. Then she counted up her bunches and gave him a price.

He looked her up and down, turned round, and walked away.

"Well I never!" thought the old lady. But in a few moments the man returned, accompanied by a strapping young chap.

"Here," he said, "I'll buy the lot. Let this young man take them to this address."

Off they went, followed by the sour-looking old man, and they found that the address was a school where boys were playing.

The fruit soon disappeared. Then the old man, turning to the woman, chuckled and walked off in the rain.

Things and men sometimes are not what they seem.

## THE HEDGE BY THE ROAD

Could anything be sadder than the sight we saw the other day, the burning of a hedge to widen the road?

We hope all our local authorities will strive not only to plant trees along new roads but to preserve old hedges or plant new ones. There is an ugly patch of the Sidcup Arterial Road, on the rise of the hill beyond Ruxley Corner, where the Kent County Council would hide a hideous mess and cover itself with honour by planting a hedge, and we have no doubt this is so in many other parts of the countryside.

## BARMOUTH DEFIES THE ATLANTIC The New Sea Wall

Barmouth has begun a great fight against the Atlantic, which has for years been engulfing the land on which it lies below its mountain background.

During the last thirty years ten acres north of Barmouth Station and sections 150 feet deep to the south have been eaten away by the sea.

Barmouth has now realised that it is time for a determined effort, and has secured Government help toward a scheme of defence works costing £130,000.

A granite and concrete wall is being built on the foreshore, and behind this a fine promenade and carriage-way fifty feet wide and a mile and a half long are to be made.

The C.N. wishes plucky Barmouth calm weather for its mighty undertaking.

## CONFIDENCE

### A Big Firm Looks Forward

It is good to see even a little sign of confidence in days like these.

A well-known firm has announced that instead of restricting purchases, as they have been doing for two or three years past, they have begun to "buy forward." They believe that prices have reached the lowest level or thereabouts, and that the trend will in the future be upward.

Manufacturers they buy from will thus have work to do without the feeling that prices may drop before the goods are finished. That will give them confidence. In a few weeks this firm has given orders for £250,000 worth of goods. Since then Harrods have advertised that they gave orders for a million pounds' worth of goods.

It is obvious that if a spirit of this kind were to spread throughout the land it would enormously help the chances of industrial recovery.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 31 1931

## Stop This Depression

It is worth while to remember just now, in this sea-girt land of ours, that sailors of the old school, who had no steam-engine or motor-engine with which to defy the elements, knew that round about the Equator were regions in which dead calm brought them to a standstill. For these regions they invented the striking word *doldrums*.

Unfortunately, landmen also get into the doldrums, finding themselves unable to make any progress.

So it is at the dawn of the New Year. The good ship Britain is becalmed. We have seen twelve months of human trouble, following upon many bad months in 1929. Everywhere business men shake their heads and talk of the long depression and the great slump. The sailor when in the doldrums was wont to whistle for a wind, but some of us do not seem to have even the courage to whistle for better times.

One explanation has been given in these columns. It is that men know better how to make things than how to exchange them when they are made. Money, the instrument of civilised exchange, is imperfect, and men lack that confidence in each other which is necessary to improve it.

Then comes mental depression, which feeds upon itself. It spreads like a pestilence. Presently depression becomes fashionable, and hardly any of us dares to express himself cheerfully.

Surely the time has come to shake off these unworthy fears and doubts. The world is naturally as rich as ever. There are more people than ever and they need more than ever. Britain is still the Fortunate Island, fashioned by Nature herself as a superb and unexampled workshop, where men can do good work with good materials, near the sea, in an enviable position for trading purposes.

Moreover, Britain is the head and front of the British Empire, which covers one-quarter of the world. No other country has such advantages. Why, then, should we lack our old courage and our old enterprise? Our opportunities are not less but greater than ever before. We have but to add confidence and courage to our opportunities to accomplish new wonders.

For a thousand years these islands have faced adversity and enemies of many kinds. For a hundred years they have led Europe in the onward march to freedom and prosperity. They will lead it again if we, the children of this ancient Motherland, put off our new cloak of miserable depression and put on our old armour of hope and courage and faith.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Going

It is up to us, says Lord Rosebery, to do all we possibly can to keep fox-hunting going.

We assure his lordship that it is going fast.

## The King's Shilling Maker

EVERYBODY knows that there is a shortage of money in the world, and most of us would say that it was caused by the war.

But there is a gentleman in Kenya who knows better. He had written home to enlighten his father, who has passed the news on to the rest of us.

This gentleman was informed by a native servant that there was not much money because the King's Shilling Maker was dead. All the black people believed it. The King has got a new shilling maker, they say, and is working hard to teach him how to make money, but he is very stupid, and slow to learn!

## Late News

It is never too late to tell some stories, and we have only just heard this.

The twins were finishing their Christmas tea after their marvellous time at the tree. Prunella's dreamy eyes were fixed on the tiny Father Christmas standing on the wreck and ruin of the Christmas cake with its pink sugar mice.

There had been a rapt silence when Prunella lifted up her voice, saying, as she gazed on him with awe and affection:

*I'm sure, Father Christmas, I thank you very much indeed for all the presents you have brought me this day.*

We like Prunella.

## Not in Our Stars

AN old man who has just died in an almshouse in Virginia used to tell an interesting tale.

In 1866 James Clay was living on his uncle's farm, where there was a young hired man called Thomas Lipton. It was James Clay who seemed the lucky one then.

Today Thomas Lipton is famous and rich, with a worldwide reputation as a good sportsman and a fine loser. His old master's nephew has just died in an almshouse.

*The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings.*

## The Waterless House

ELECTRICITY is to be laid on to every home, we read.

Is it not a remarkable thing that in that case electricity will come to many homes before water reaches them? We were in a new house the other day which has no water laid on because, although the main is only a few yards away, the charge for linking-up is seventy pounds

## Shaking the Editor's Desk

THE Editor of the C.N. presents his compliments to his friends at Port Sunlight and begs to inform them that the great hammers now laying the foundations of Lever House a hundred yards away are *shaking his desk*.

## The Dear Papers

THERE is a good vicar in a Sussex village who goes about doing kindly things so that his right hand does not know what his left hand does. And so the dear papers are telling it from the housetops.

## Tip-Cat

THE cowboy is said to be fading out of the film world. We thought he had been shot off.

CHILLY weather makes people bad-tempered. Look out for the cold snap.

WINDSOR choirboys still pray for Henry the Eighth. We are not surprised.

COTTON is being considered as a material for road surfaces. To enable people to thread their way through the traffic?

## Peter Puck Wants to Know



If High School boys keep up to the mark

LONDON bridges have a varied history. They have been built for a long span.

It is difficult to get things done in England, says a speaker. That is why we ask each

other "How do you do?"

It is said that sleep makes beauty. But we shut our eyes to it.

SOME people can see in the dark. They must be light-headed.

AIRCRAFT has been used for smuggling. The smugglers thought they were above suspicion.

## 1931

Like a path of untouched snow New Year lies; and we shall go

Making footprints, plodding on, Till once more the year has gone.

What adventures shall we know Down that path like untouched snow? Marjorie Wilson

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

SIR ALBERT BARRATT has offered £20,000 to Tottenham Hospital.

AN unknown London lady has given the Lifeboat Institution two motor-lifeboats.

SIR WALTER RUNCIMAN has given a third £25,000 to Newcastle Home for Nurses.

## JUST AN IDEA

You may be very near victory when defeat seems certain.

## Master John's Angels

The two angels lately revealed in the stonework of the South Transept windows at Westminster Abbey, one serious and one graciously smiling, are thought to be by Master John of St Albans.

Oh who, oh who, I should like to know,  
Was Master John in the Long Ago?  
A sculptor rare, so the world decides,  
A decker of churches. But what besides?  
A monk or a layman, which?  
I rather  
Believe that John was a spouse and father.

THE prettiest sights in the grey old Abbey  
Were tucked away in a corner shabby,  
Where dust and fog and the spider's shroud  
Had covered them both in a thick black cloud;  
But cleaners lately have laid them bare—  
Above a window an angel pair,  
The sweetest, happiest pair, I ween,  
The grey old Abbey has ever seen.

A SCHOLAR has staked his name upon  
The guess that the sculptor was Master John,  
Of whom so little, alas! we know  
Because he lived in the Long Ago.  
And six long centuries now have fled  
Since John gave grace to that angel head  
And painted the wing, and strewed the gown  
With stars like petals a-drifting down.

BUT this for certain I say of John:  
That children loved him in ages gone,  
That where he laboured they loved to be,  
And brought him treasures of theirs to see,  
And asked for stories, and did not shirk  
To make bold comments upon his work.  
But never from Master John they heard  
A chiding speech or a priggish word.

FOR John was learning how angels look,  
And children served as his copy-book;  
And *there* did he catch that wondrous smile,  
So gay—so gay, without taint of guile.

## The Prayer of Mrs Hemans

O Father, in that hour  
When Earth all succouring power  
Shall disavow;  
When spear and shield and crown  
In faintness we cast down,  
Sustain us Thou!

By Him who bowed to take  
The death cup for our sake,  
The thorn, the rod;  
From whom the last dismay  
Was not to pass away,  
Aid us, O God!



January 31, 1931

## The Children's Newspaper

7

## A WONDERFUL WEEK-END'S WORK

## PLANNING INDIA'S FUTURE

## The Model That is To Be Followed

## BUILDING A FINE FEDERAL STRUCTURE

The two dozen pages from his 'type-writer which Lord Sankey read to his fellow-workers one morning during the last days of the Round Table Conference may prove to be one of the best week-end tasks ever accomplished for the welfare of mankind.

Whatever difficulties the immediate future may bring, this draft Report on the principles of a Federal Constitution for India will point the way to the establishment of a great and well-organised Government over a territory two-thirds the size of the United States, with three times America's population.

## Attitude of the Native Rulers

In the first place it must never be forgotten that the great idea enshrined in this Report could never have been worked out in this way but for the imagination of the rulers of the Native States and their trust in the judgment and capacity of the English people. From the opening of the Conference these powerful rulers, Hindu and Moslem alike, have supported the plan for a united India and done their utmost to remove the tremendous difficulties in laying down its foundations.

On her side England had at hand in Lord Sankey an admirable chairman.

For many weeks Englishmen of every party, Hindus, Moslems, and Indians of every race and class and creed, have explored and expressed every possible aspect of the new conditions that will arise in an India constituted anew on the Federal plan. Lord Sankey took all their views and decisions home one week-end and brought back to them a draft Report of which the following are the most important features.

## An All-India Parliament

The All-India Parliament should consist of two Houses, a Senate of from 100 to 150 members and a Lower House of 250. The British-India senators should be men of experience and importance, elected by the Provincial Legislatures, and the representatives of the Native States should be men of similar standing chosen by the Rulers. This Senate should not be dissolved at one time, but a fixed proportion should retire at intervals.

The Lower House should sit for five years unless dissolved by the Governor-General. Provision should be made in the Lower House, and possibly in the Senate, for representatives of Indian Christians, Europeans, the Depressed Classes, landlords, commerce, and labour. Ministers should not be compelled to resign unless a two-thirds majority of both Houses sitting together voted against them.

## Future Responsibility of Indians

With regard to the Ministers who will form the Cabinet the Report assumes that the future responsibility will on the whole rest on Indians themselves. Therefore the model of our Dominions will be followed and executive authority will rest in the Crown, represented by the Governor-General, who will appoint as his Minister persons enjoying the confidence of the Parliament, a Prime Minister being invited to form a Government and submitting a list of his proposed colleagues—the practice adopted in England. This Cabinet will retain office only while they have the support of the Parliament and will all stand or fall together.

The Committee agreed, however, that there would have to be stages in

## NIPPY AT THE DOOR

How lazy the inventors are trying to make us! They will not even let us open a door for ourselves, but turn on an invisible ray to do it for us.

At one of the London restaurants the way to the door is invisibly barred by a ray which falls on a selenium cell. As the waitress crosses this unseen line she cuts off the ray and the cell, released from its influence, sets in motion an electric apparatus which, in its turn, pulls back a spring coil on the door.

The door obediently opens for her, and time and trouble are saved. Expense might also be saved, for trays will some-

times fall, even with the nippiest of waitresses, when one hand is busy with the door.

It is all very well for Nippy, but if the principle is too generally extended our muscles will atrophy, and perhaps our minds, for the act of opening a door is one of the most complicated interactions of mind and muscle. Few animals can learn it.

Even the magicians never thought of this modern method. They had at least to speak the fateful words *Hey Presto!* or *Open Sesame!* Nippy just walks to the door and it opens.

## FAMOUS GARDENS TO GO?



The Government has decided that the lease which the Royal Botanic Society has held since 1839 on its gardens in Regent's Park cannot be renewed. Here is a peep at the gardens showing a weeping ash of peculiar shape.

Continued from the previous column

the attainment of full Parliamentary responsibility, and that meanwhile certain duties would devolve on the Governor-General. He would be responsible for defence and foreign relations. Also in certain cases he must be free to act on his own responsibility and have powers enabling him to carry out his decisions. He must therefore have control of certain money, and there should be a fund from which the Governor-General could draw, as the Government does in England.

The Committee expects that the Governor-General would not use his special powers without consulting his Ministers, though his would be the sole responsibility. Any Minister he appointed for these reserved matters should speak in either House, and the Governor-General should preside over the Cabinet at his discretion.

In any case he should be kept fully informed on public affairs, and see any papers relating to them.

Among the other questions in which special powers may fall to the Governor-

General are internal peace and currency. The peaceable government of India, with equal treatment to all races and creeds, will be the duty of the India Parliament, but if this fails the Governor-General must have power to act with full financial and legislative authority. He must have power to intervene if he considers that methods injuring India's financial credit in the markets of the world are being pursued; and no Bill amending the paper currency or coinage Act must be introduced without his permission having been given.

Finally it is declared that the Federal Government must have power to enforce obedience to its laws.

Critics will say that this Report is but a skeleton and a rather rough-looking one. Much indeed has been omitted for public opinion in England and India to fill in, but if this skeleton has been firmly fixed in the foundation of goodwill between the English and Indian representatives it should not be beyond the capacity of our statesmen to complete the building of a fine Federal structure for India.

## THE VOICE THROUGH THE FOG

## WONDERFUL TALKING BEACON

## Robert Louis Stevenson's Family and Their Inventions

## A NEW MARVEL FOR SHIPS

Canst hear (said one) the breakers roar?  
For methinks we should be near the shore;  
Now where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell.

Southey's stirring poem of the retribution of the Inchcape Rock on Sir Ralph the Rover, who had cut its warning bell to plague the good abbot of Aberbrothok, is called to mind by a new device for saving the lives of mariners.

The Inchcape Rock on the East of Scotland was made safe by a magnificent lighthouse built a century ago by Robert Stevenson, the grandfather of R.L.S., and the Cumbrae Lighthouse on the west coast has just been made the most useful of all lighthouses by two living members of the same family.

## Lighthouse Pioneers

The Stevensons have been the lighthouse pioneers of the world. Robert built twenty lighthouses and invented the system of intermittent and flashing lights; his three sons, Allan, David, and Thomas, carried on his work, adding invention to invention. Even R.L.S., the son of Thomas, gained a silver medal for a paper on an improvement of lighthouse apparatus.

Again in this wireless and gramophone age a father and son, Mr Charles Stevenson and Mr Alan Stevenson, have invented what may prove a solution to the greatest of all perils to modern shipping—fog.

This new apparatus, the first of its kind, is called the Talking Beacon and is now in use at the Cumbrae Lighthouse where the Firth of Clyde first narrows beside the Isle of Bute. The Talking Beacon is only a radio-gramophone working with the lighthouse foghorn, but the proper synchronisation of the two was the difficult problem that has been overcome.

## The Antics of Sound

The signalling system is based on the slow speed of sound compared with that of wireless. The foghorn sounds three warning blasts, which travel across the shrouded waters at a little over a mile in five seconds. Sound plays such antics in a fog that a ship's navigator can seldom know how far off the foghorn is. Now his wireless operator will be able to tell him, for when the foghorn sounds the gramophone record begins to turn and calls into space the number of cables and miles the sound-waves of the foghorn have reached in their slower journey. As an additional aid to the wireless operator on the ship the gramophone sounds the note of a bell before it speaks the number of each mile.

## An Inestimable Boon

It is only necessary for this lighthouse to signal for five miles, and when this point is reached the foghorn booms two final blasts. Then there is silence in space for 27 seconds, when the cycle begins again.

It is wonderful to think what an inestimable boon this new invention will prove all over the high seas, and especially around our fog-bound coasts, for not only lighthouses but ships at sea can use it. It is remarkably cheap to install and the simplest radio receiver can be used to hear it speaking.

How this device would have delighted the sea-loving Robert Louis Stevenson! We think he would have named it the Cumbrae Beacon, for surely the lovely word Cumbrae should be enshrined in its name for evermore.



## NEW ATTRACTIONS AT THE ZOO

### A LION CUB WITH A TEMPER

Susan Chimpanzee and Two  
Delightful Young Leopards  
NEW RACCOON ENCLOSURE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Though the Zoo does not usually receive many presents at this time of the year it has lately been presented with several attractive animals.

One is a lion cub about three months old. He is a pretty little creature, but though he looks very lovable and wears a collar to show that he has been a pet no one can make friends with him.

He was probably upset by the journey to this country, for he arrived at the Zoo in a thoroughly bad temper and ever since has been very difficult to please. If he is left alone he makes a loud mewling noise to indicate his displeasure; but if anyone visits him he grows angry, begins to growl, and assumes an aggressive pose.

#### Not Bluffing

And although he is so young and small this lion cub is not bluffing: he has courage and will attack if approached. However, as he was once a pet it is hoped that he will gradually become used to his menagerie quarters and decide to be a pet once again.

Two more presents sent to the Zoo in the New Year are leopard cubs. One comes from Malay and is some six months old; the other is an African leopard only two months old. Both are so delightfully tame that they can be visited in their dens; but though they do not intend to do damage they can be expensive playmates. Like most cubs they grow excited during a game and are liable to get their claws entangled in people's clothes, with a jagged tear as a result.

Baby leopards are not easily reared in the menagerie, but these two specimens seem remarkably healthy and active, and to help them to keep in good condition they are being fed on cod-liver oil.

#### Concerning Susan

In addition to these babies there is another young chimpanzee named Susan. She is only two, a most engaging ape and exceptionally intelligent. She loves everyone, whether they are grown-ups or children; and, unlike many baby chimpanzees, she does not fly into rages or show signs of a jealous disposition.

If all goes well Susan will be trained to perform at the chimpanzees' tea-party; but at present she is simply a Monkey House pet and a great favourite with the public.

Other new arrivals at the Zoo are a pair of raccoons, which have the distinction of being the largest examples of their kind ever exhibited in the Gardens. They are only common raccoons, but they are as big again as any other raccoon at the Zoo; and their coats are thick and bushy.

They are amiable though slightly bewildered by the Zoo; and as they are so exceptionally large a special enclosure near the Cats' House is being got ready for them.

#### AFTER 500 YEARS

The old Bull's Head in Greengate, Salford, is not to be demolished after all, for the Ancient Monuments Society has declared it to be a specimen of domestic architecture too valuable to lose.

Since the fourteenth century it has been a licensed house, and it was to the district round about it that the Flemish weavers came. Now it is to be offered to Salford as a Folk Museum.

## COCKLES IN THE HEN RUN

### Why Are They Not There?

A VERY QUEER THING ABOUT  
THE POULTRY WORLD

Cockles grew in the garden of Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, and now we read of the contrariness of our poultry farmers concerning them.

The contrariness of the poultry farmers has brought one of our famous chemists on the scene, and he tells a tale of cockle shells which has humour as well as scientific value.

Poultry need lime for the shells of their eggs, so their owners give them large quantities of chipped oyster shells, but sternly refuse to consider cockle shells. Dr Augustus Voelcker, the consulting chemist, has been wondering whether oyster shells have virtues lacking in the cockle shells.

All that the poultry require of the oyster shell is carbonate of lime. Dr Voelcker analysed the shells of both oysters and cockles. Both are almost entirely made up of carbonate of lime: 96.91 for the oyster, 96.40 for the cockle; the merest fraction of difference.

#### The Advantage of the Cockle

The oyster shell comes from America and costs upwards of £5 a ton, while cockle shells from heaps on a coast in Essex can be obtained at 3s a ton where they lie or 8s a ton on the rail; so the advantage rests decidedly with the cockle.

But are cockle shells as acceptable as oyster shells to poultry? Tests were made, and selected birds were given both. They ate both kinds indifferently. When confined to cockle shells alone they ate these as readily as oyster shells, producing just as good eggs.

Of course there must be cleansing and drying of the shells of British cockles to make their shells equal to the carefully-prepared oyster shells; but with that done there is not a particle of difference between the value of the 8s cockles and the £5 oyster shells. Why is it, then, that our poultry farmers will not use them?

#### SPEAKING THE TRUTH

A Way They Have in America

There is an old saying *in vino veritas*, which means *in wine truth*, and there really is a good deal of truth in the saying, for wine, even in moderate quantities, is apt to loosen the tongue and at the same time to cloud the judgment.

But a drug called scopolamine has now been found which is much more effective than wine in inducing those who take it to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

In America it has been given to criminals under suspicion, and they have answered questions truthfully, and have admitted charges to which they had pleaded not guilty.

The drug seems to act by sending most of the brain into a sort of hypnotic sleep, while leaving the sense of hearing and the faculty of speech unaffected. The brain hears the question, and answers in a sort of semi-conscious automatic way, like a man half-asleep, and it is easier to speak the truth than to invent a lie.

It is, of course, very questionable whether it is justifiable to drug a man and deprive him of his judgment to elicit truth from him; even in war most people would hesitate to procure a confession by such means. But at least the action of the drug is interesting, and shows that, apart from lies inspired by fear or self-interest, the mind of man has a natural tendency to answer questions truthfully.

## A WARNING TO SWANS

### Mind the Cables

Two wild swans have flown in the face of progress and come off rather badly. One hurtled into the telegraph wires on Blackfriars Bridge and fell on the live rail. It recovered.

The other became entangled on the high-tension 11,000-volt cable at Ellingworth, between Bungay and Yarmouth, from which electric light and power are sent out over a part of Norfolk.

This swan was instantly electrocuted, and its wide-spreading wings with nearly seven feet span, as they crossed the wiring, created a short-circuit in the cable and shut off the supply of current to Bungay.

There is a difference in the two occurrences. The first swan merely flew into a low-tension telegraph wire and would have suffered little material hurt if it had not fallen on the live electric railway, where it possibly received a shock but not a fatal one. A horse or a human being falling across the live rail would hardly survive.

#### In Chelsea Reach

The Bungay swan, flying into a cable with a very high voltage, became so entangled that it received through its body a current of 11,000 volts, which would kill any creature.

It was said, when the accident happened to the Blackfriars swan, that the bird must have been a wild one because Thames swans have their pinions clipped so that they cannot fly. But in Chelsea Reach there are a number of swans which can and do fly, and they are frequently seen clearing both Chelsea Bridge and the Albert Bridge on their way down the river and back again.

The danger that large birds may short circuit the high-power cables now stretched across the country is not a very serious one, but it is not altogether negligible.

## A MATCH TO LIGHT 600 TIMES

### Remarkable Idea

In these days when matches, which used to cost three-halfpence a dozen boxes before the war, are now a penny a box, we ought to be grateful for the latest invention of Dr Ferdinand Ringer, an Austrian chemist.

Dr Ringer has invented what he calls a perpetual match, and claims that it can be lit and used 600 times. It is made entirely of the chlorate which forms the head of the Swedish match we know, with a substance added to prevent its catching light of itself.

The match actually does go out when it falls to the ground. It cannot break or explode. It is not affected by damp, and it weighs little more than the ordinary match. In fact, Dr Ringer's invention would seem to have issued a challenge to a prosperous industry. If its effect is to bring matches back to something like the pre-war price nobody will mind—except the manufacturers.

## LITTLE RASCALS

### Not Playing the Game

When the passengers on some of the Southern Railway suburban trains were about to take their seats on the 9.15 some time ago they were mysteriously advised by the porters to sit on the near-side of the train.

They did so wondering if the train was a little off-balance, but that was not the explanation. It appeared that an epidemic of stone-throwing at trains had set in in the neighbourhood.

Boys will be boys, as everybody knows, but when they take to the game of throwing stones at railway trains, to the imminent risk of severely wounding the daily breadwinners, there is another name for them. Little rascals is too mild.

## LAMPS TO BURN 25,000 HOURS

### End of the Filament in the Bulb?

#### NEW PHASE IN LIGHTING

The story of electric light continues to unfold itself.

When the first bulbs were made with filaments of bamboo electric light was very dear, but it became nearly four times cheaper when filaments of tantalum and tungsten for the carbon took the place of burned bamboo. A few years later a way was found of making electric light twice as cheap again by the introduction of a tiny trace of rare gas such as argon into the glass bulb.

Now we are told that the time is approaching when a still cheaper kind of lamp may be made, a lamp *without any filament at all*, the light being given by the effect of violently agitating the molecules of a gas by a discharge of electricity of very high voltage.

#### Experiments With Rare Gases

M Georges Claude, whom we know for his experiments to get power from the depths of the sea by means of a tube which utilises the changes of temperature in sea-water, is responsible for this expectation. He invented many years ago the brilliant pink neon light seen now in so many illuminated signs in our cities. Experiments have been made with other rare gases, especially helium, and it has become possible to produce a straw-coloured light, or even a white light.

Lamps of this type have been known to burn for as long as 25,000 hours, and they would thus last many times longer than the bulbs of today. The cost of electric light given by such a lamp is very much smaller than at present, while the illumination is beautifully soft and free from glare.

## ALL ABOARD THE AIR-BUS

### Ready For the Future

Enterprise in motor-coaching has expanded all over the land and now promises to expand into the air.

One of the motor-coach companies is having some of the best of its long-distance drivers trained to pilot aeroplanes. They will then become pilots of air-buses.

The air-bus which will fly between Newcastle and London, or more precisely between the Cramlington and Croydon aerodromes, will not be so commodious as the motor-coach which now makes the journey daily; but it will carry ten passengers and will make the journey in three hours.

There are difficulties in the airway. The Air Ministry has to approve the plans, and England, because of its low clouds and populous areas, is not an ideal area for regular flying services. Nevertheless the day may not be far distant when there will be a daily service each way of the air-bus between Newcastle and London, the forerunner of the time when a network of such services will be launched above the railways and the great main roads.

#### A SORT OF MILLENNIUM

The Pylons have gone up like the drop curtain in a theatre and we are all waiting for the performance to begin.

The air is full of promises. Latest of them is that which comes from the chairman of the London and Home Counties Electricity Authority. He held before the eyes of the people of the Thames Valley and Mid-Surrey the prospect of a day when every home, shop, and factory in their districts would have an unlimited supply of electricity at cost price.

And what will be the price? A penny a unit or thereabouts. It seems almost too good to be true.



January 31, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

9

# JACK FROST PAYS A WELCOME VISIT TO HAPPY BOYS AND GIRLS



In Switzerland



Dancing on the ice—A graceful pair on a pond near London



In Norway



An impromptu game of ice hockey near Peterborough



An obstacle race on skates for boys and girls at St Moritz



Leaping through the air on a toboggan run in Switzerland



The beginners—An amusing incident on a Hampstead pond

For healthy boys and girls there is no such thing as bad weather. Frost and snow may be disliked by older folk, but winter sports are over all too quickly for most young people. Here are a few glimpses of happy moments on the ice and among the snow in England and on the Continent.



## IN THE TRACKS OF MARCO POLO

### EXPLORING IN LOP DESERT

#### The Way Silk Went Before the Days of Caesar

#### DR STEIN'S WORK IN ASIA

There has been some trouble in China which is likely to interfere with the scientific work of Sir Aurel Stein, who is exploring in the great desert of Chinese Turkestan to discover the old trade routes of the first travellers between East and West.

Harvard University by contributing £20,000, and the British Museum by guaranteeing £2000 a year for three years, have made possible this interesting expedition to the Lop Desert, where Dr Stein has already done much work which has added to our knowledge of events in the long-distant years when Central Asia sent its peoples far and wide.

#### An Ancient Trade Route

The desert is an old sea-bed covered with salt deposits, but it was once in the path of the great trade in silk that had developed between East and West more than a century before Julius Caesar heard of Britain, where the people did not dream of anything so attractive for clothing or furnishing as the silks of far-away China. Today the Chinese pedlars come annually to India with the big packs of silks.

Some of them come by the land routes through Tibet, most of them in these days come more comfortably by steamer to Calcutta, and when their supplies are exhausted they go back for more. Before the days of Alexander they came with their silks, too, and the silks found their way as far West as Greece and Rome.

#### A Carefully-Guarded Secret

The Western powers were interested in the lovely fabrics, which they could not produce in their own countries, and they tried hard to find the secret of their manufacture, but for a long time it was very carefully guarded. Finally, the eggs of the silk moth were hidden in a hollow stick and taken in secret to the Emperor Justinian, in Constantinople, by some Persian monks who had managed to penetrate into China and had learned the secret.

Kashgar and the ancient Bactria, now identified with Balkh in North Afghanistan, were centres where East and West met, but few from the West penetrated beyond these places. The caravans came along the way Sir Aurel Stein has been going, following the course of the Tarim River. At Kashgar or Bactria the caravans unloaded their precious burdens and reloaded with the produce of Asia Minor, Greece and Italy, Persia and India, and back they went along the Tarim Valley, with the Tien Shan Mountains protecting them from the wild tribes of the north, back through the Central Desert to the towns and villages of China, where the people were as keen to get goods from the West as the people of the West were to get the silks of Cathay.

#### Where East and West Met

All this intercourse introduced influences of both civilisations along the route, especially at these places where East and West met. Previous excavations by Sir Aurel Stein have brought to light many traces of that. Articles obviously manufactured in China and Persia and Asia Minor have been unearthed, and it is clear that for centuries this was one of the busiest trade routes in the world.

Then in the eighth century an Arab horde defeated the Chinese at Tashkent, and the oppression of the Tibetans forced the closing of the route. For four centuries it was closed, and then came Genghis Khan, with his invincible Mongols, to sweep across Asia from the Caucasus to the Yellow Sea, and for

## MAGIC AND MEDICINE

### How They Doctored the Hero of Quebec

We have the word of Othello that Desdemona loved him for the dangers he had passed. Some of our heroes deserve our reverence (shall we say?) for the horrors they endured.

Somebody has been explaining that General Wolfe's mother feared that her boy was in danger of consumption, and to guard against it she dosed him with powdered snails washed in beer, mixed with split earthworms distilled over a slow fire, and boiled down with all kinds of roots and spices in three gallons of milk. Of this the patient had to take frequent doses of two spoonfuls.

Wolfe survived his medicine, happily, and lived to win Quebec.

#### Medicine and Magic

Down to modern times medicine was overridden by magic of this sort. The teaching of the master minds of Greece lay buried in oblivion century after century, and quackery governed the practice of all doctors. They believed the lot of their patients to be governed by the stars; they believed that whatever was rare and precious was a cure for disease; that whatever was horrid was a powerful agent for good.

The richer the man the richer his recipe. Charles the Second had 16 doctors, and each seems to have contributed something to his last dose, which included dust of topaz, jacinth, sapphire, ruby, pearl, emerald, coral, musk, ambergris, gold, and part of a stone found in a deer. A generous cardiac, the doctors called it. The king took it and died.

## HEAR AND LET HEAR

### A Wireless Nuisance

Every month the Postmaster-General broadcasts the number of convictions he has secured against the people who defraud the State by using wireless without paying for a licence.

There is another matter to which the attention of the P.M.G. may be directed. The granting of a licence implies that its holder is guaranteed free reception of broadcasts, but this implied contract is often seriously broken where the London area is concerned.

In certain districts there is a plague of amateur transmitters who, during broadcasting hours, fill the air with talk, gramophone records, and the rapid squeak and chatter of Morse. Theoretically a good selective set should keep out such interference, but in practice it cannot be done.

Large areas in the vicinity of the offender have their aërials energised and cannot filter out the intrusive uproar. Idle chatter on the elementary technique of wireless, wretched babbling jokes, and jazz records upset the reception of such important matters as speeches from Geneva, while the speech of the Prime Minister of Japan, transmitted from Tokyo, was riddled by a stream of Morse.

It is surely contrary to public policy that one or two men or boys should be permitted to destroy the reception of hundreds or thousands of people, and this appears to be a matter which the Postmaster-General and the Radio Society might both investigate for the profit and comfort of the public. "Hear and let hear" should be the motto of all listeners.

Continued from the previous column

another century or so the old trade route was as busy as ever.

It was in this period that along much of that same route went Marco Polo in the days when Kublai Khan ruled in mysterious Cathay, and it is interesting to note that on a previous expedition Sir Aurel Stein went carefully over this part of Marco Polo's journey, and showed that the record of the Venetian adventurer was a trustworthy one.

## THE AIR WE

### BREATHE

#### A Little Song of Sulphur

There are, as we of the C.N. are often reminding ourselves, those who write regretfully of the so-called Good Old Days of Merrie England, who remember only the maypole dancing, the green fields, and the colour of the festival.

All too conveniently for them they forget the plague, pestilence, and famine; cold and insanitary dwellings; almost incessant wars; scanty means and poverty of diet; isolation, ignorance, and squalor.

Is it not curious, then, that so many writers of our own day are expressing regret for the passing of things for whose mending or ending reformers have long been striving? One deplores the publication by the Government of conditions and statistics in regard to the pollution of the atmosphere, and thinks it unkind that Newcastle should be described in this connection as the dirtiest town in England, and that Kensington should be told that it breathes the foulest air in the metropolis.

#### The Bane and the Remedy

Another is unhappy over the electrification of the Southern Railway down to Brighton, and pleads for the retention of steam trains.

Now no evil is remedied until attention is fixed upon it, whether it is the smoky air of Kensington or the pall that imparts a gloom to Newcastle. As for the disappearance of engines on railways, that is one of the contributions toward the purification of the air which we all desire to see attained.

What the substitution of electric for steam trains means may be judged by those who knew the Penge Tunnel in olden days and know it now. The difference is as between life and death. Until the coming of the new trains smoke and sulphur made this one of the most poisonous tunnels in the kingdom; today we can ride through it with the windows open.

#### A Story From a Surgery

As for the smoke of London, which is improving every year, a story from a doctor's surgery may be interesting. A patient under treatment for some trivial complaint went in great anxiety to his doctor. His health, he said, must be in a terribly dangerous state, for his body had discoloured his watch and chain, his gold pencil, his jewellery, and the money in his pocket.

It did sound a little alarming, but the shrewd eye of the doctor detected a familiar sign. A moment's cross-examination enabled him to discover that his terrified patient had been for some hours in a conservatory where sulphur had been used for an attack of mildew on the plants.

In a smaller degree sulphur as contaminating is in every cloud of smoke which sullies our skies, and we need not deplore its banishment.

## THE MOTOR TRIUMPHANT AT SEA

Lloyd's Register of Shipping shows that last year there was an increase of about a million and a half tons in the world's motor-ships.

At the same time steamers fitted with reciprocating steam-engines actually decreased by 220,000 tons. There was an increase in the tonnage of vessels fitted with steam-turbines of 368,000 tons.

Thus motor-ships are increasing even more quickly than vessels fitted with steam-turbines, while the reciprocating engine is apparently passing away forever.

There are 13 million radio sets in the United States.

The N.S.P.C.C. deals with about 3000 cases of cruelty to children every week, and two in three are due to drink.

## THAT'S RIGHT Do Not Blame the War For It

### THAT'S WRONG

Somebody has been blaming the war for the absurd use of the expression "That's right" when the speaker merely means Yes.

The frequent repetition of this phrase in daily conversation does indeed grow wearisome, but to blame the war for it is to lay an unjust burden on the back of that accursed thing.

The expression must be a very old one. We have all said it to one another; we have used it to encourage children when they succeed in mastering something we are teaching them. We have used it all our lives without needing a war to give it currency.

It is provokingly misused today in its constant substitution for a simple Yes, but the odd thing is that these two words by themselves have given a sort of immortality to a character in modern books. There is a delightful book called *The Diary of a Nobody*, which everybody who loves the literature of high comedy delights to read. In it one of the most diverting characters is a certain Mr Padge. A famous critic has described him as the one great silent fool in letters.

#### A Great Comic Figure

Mr Padge is a great comic figure without any effort on his own part, a humorist in spite of himself, and throughout the book he uses but one phrase: "That's right" he shouts or chuckles or gurgles. It is the very absurdity of the situations to which he applies his phrase that makes him such a brilliant success.

He may be pat, he may be inconsequent, he may be impertinent, but nothing else does he venture. There can be no doubt that all who have read and loved this book have on innumerable occasions deliberately or unconsciously quoted Mr Padge. Probably those who misuse the phrase have never heard of Mr Padge, and do not know that they use the expression which made the reading world of the last generation laugh at him. Yet they may be influenced by his having given a stimulus to the phrase.

It may have been Mr Padge. It was not the war. That's wrong.

## AN OLD FRIEND OF CHARLES KINGSLEY

Somewhere in a tiny room in a very drab street down East an old lady sits for far too many hours of the day "helping lame dogs over stiles."

The poet who wrote that line was her friend when she was young; her father wrote one of the most famous books in English literature.

There this dear old lady sits, almost unknown except to those she lives to help from morning until night. A C.N. friend found her struggling with a pen which belonged to the very Stone Age of pens, and, knowing what a kind world it is, he said a word before Christmas to the good Waterman people who make the best pen in the world. And, sure enough, the world is kind, for there, in front of our old lady now, is that most beautiful of all known pens, the Lady Patricia Waterman, good enough even for this friend of Charles Kingsley, this daughter of the author of that famous book *Tom Brown's School-days*.

#### DRINK AND DULLNESS

About 400 children in New York had their histories traced some years ago for three generations back.

Of those free from all taint of alcohol 96 per cent were efficient and 4 per cent were dull. Of those tainted with alcohol 23 per cent were efficient and 77 per cent were dull.



## THE TINY WORLD OF PALLAS

### ONE OF A BIG FAMILY

#### Has a Planet Been Blown to Pieces?

### A FASCINATING PROBLEM

By the C.N. Astronomer

It is surprising what a number of planets are congregated just now in that small region of the sky to the left of Mars across which the little world of Eros is passing.

In addition to Neptune, whose position was shown in the star-map in the C.N. for January 10, there is also the minor planet Pallas. This is a big sister, so to speak, of Eros, and now appears to be rushing toward him from the south.

Good field-glasses are needed to see them just now, for they are a long way to the south of Regulus, the bright star

to the left of Mars; even with glasses it will be difficult to find them during next week owing to the presence of the Moon.

The relative paths of these "brother and sister" planetoids are shown on our star-map, where it will be seen that, while Eros is travelling south and rapidly leaving us, Pallas is travelling northward and approaching us. She will, in fact, be at her nearest to us in between two and three weeks' time. It will then be much easier to find her with the glasses, for Pallas will be only a little below naked-eye visibility.

Pallas is, however, much farther off than Eros, and is at present about 95 million miles away; this is over 30 million miles farther than Mars and a little farther than the Sun.

Now this planetoid has been calculated by Professor Barnard to be only 304 miles in diameter; it could therefore be placed between the Thames and the Tweed. It is believed to be the second largest of an immense family known so far to amount to about 1150 members, with unquestionably many hundreds more too small to be seen.

Whence came this crowd of little worlds that revolve between the orbits of the Earth and Jupiter and are congregated into quite close masses of involved orbits in certain regions between Mars and Jupiter?

### Fragments of a World

This constitutes one of the most fascinating problems of astronomy, and for a long time it was thought that a large planet like the Earth had been blown to pieces or smashed into fragments in some way or other. But there is not enough material supplied by all these planetoids put together to make a world as large as ours; indeed there would have to be 3000 times as many to produce a world as massive as the Earth.

It has also been suggested that all these bodies represent the residue of a world that was to have been, but whose existence was in some way prevented long ages ago by the great gravitational and tidal pull of Jupiter, which kept the gaseous material from coalescing into one world. If this is so we must assume that Jupiter absorbed the lion's share of the material. Now, however, owing to certain remarkable peculiarities of their orbits, it has been possible to trace them back to a time when they all originated from the same place.

Thus it would appear to be proved from these marvellous calculations that a world did once exist which was most probably wrecked by collision or explosion.

G. F. M.

## SEEING IS BELIEVING

### The Curve of the Earth Revealed

There are people still living who believe the Earth is flat.

If they read this they may receive a shock, for a photograph has been taken from the air which actually shows the curvature of the Earth.

The photograph has been exhibited to the American Association for the Advancement of Science and is not only interesting, but probably unique. It was taken by Captain A. W. Stevens, of the United States Army, when flying in South America. The camera proved more sensitive and powerful than the human eye and produced an astonishing picture.

On the one hand it showed a range of the Andes, 300 miles distant, and on the other the volcano Aconcagua, 320 miles away; and in addition it revealed the unbroken stretch of the prairie, which in South America is called the pampas, between the two points.

Now whereas the mountains appeared as a straight line the distant horizon of the pampas was not straight, but bent downward at one end. *The curvature of the Earth is there revealed for the first time.*

### HOW TO PACK A SPONGE

#### Mr Gladstone's Way

The C.N. offers its readers a hint on how to pack, and it comes, not from a woman's magazine, but from that great statesman Mr Gladstone.

This wonderful man, who swayed the fate of empires, did everything well because he gave his whole mind to whatever he had in hand, however small it might be. Among the new books is one by the son of another famous Victorian who knew the Prime Minister well, and the writer tells how someone was once grumbling about the difficulty of packing a sponge.

Nothing could make a wet sponge dry in a hurry. If you put it in front of a fire or in the sun it only got warm, not dry.

Mr Gladstone interposed. It was perfectly simple to dry a sponge. You merely rolled it in a bath towel and jumped on it!

Some of us will laugh at the thought of England's Grand Old Man jumping on a sponge. Others will reflect that he was the G.O.M. just because he did everything well, from ruling Britain to packing a bag.

### MISS OR MAIDE?

#### Suggestions From C.N. Readers

Many of our readers, in response to our suggestion, have sent ideas for a better word than Miss to describe a girl; but none of the suggestions, in our opinion, is any improvement.

Maiden and its variations (Maid, Maide, Maidie, Maidine) seem most popular, and there are also new words such as Singlette, Midella, Minorita, Fem-inella, all of which fall by taking other languages for their model rather than English. Corinna has an English sound, but seems meaningless; and Damsel, Girlcen, Lassie, are not new, even if they were possible.

The difficulty of choosing a substitute for Miss seems to be too great a business for this generation. Rosemarita was even suggested by one reader!

We take Maide and Madamette as the most possible, but neither appears to us sufficiently satisfactory to win the prize offered. We are, however, sending two small consolation prizes to Maide Amy Adkins of Birmingham and Madamette Gladys Crawter of Dartford.

### Alcohol is Bad for You

## C. L. N.

Number of Members—23,099

Renewal subscriptions are fast coming in, a sign that C.L.N. enthusiasm is a more permanent thing than new fashions, and that members are remembering their pledge.

It is always interesting to hear how children of other nations are taught about the League. In Belgium the Minister of Science and Art has sent a circular containing lessons on the League to all the public and private schools.

In a lecture given lately in London Dr G. H. Green explained an interesting way in which quite small children were made to understand some of the points of view of people of other lands.

### Helping One Another

In Wales 4000 schoolchildren between seven and 17 had twice been given test papers with questions on what they thought of foreigners, and it was found that many realised something of the dependence of nations on each other and of our debt to one another, "to the kind Frenchman who leaves his own country to bring us onions, the Negro who works hard so that we may have bananas to eat, and the German who makes us such wonderful toys."

C.L.N. members can do helpful work for the League by teaching all they learn about other nations to their younger brothers and sisters, who will soon become members themselves.

### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,  
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

Three Honest Fellows—page 1

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

### Is Big Ben Worked Electrically?

No; but an electric motor is employed for winding it up.

### Why Does Gas Escape?

One of the chief properties of a gas is its expansibility and tendency continually to assume a greater volume. When a leak in a pipe occurs the gas comes out and spreads far and wide.

### Which Are the Largest and Smallest Territories Under the British Flag?

Canada is the largest, with 3,504,688 square miles, and Gibraltar the smallest, with an area of about two square miles.

### How Does the J 38 Class of L.N.E.R. Locomotive Differ From the J 39?

The main difference is that the wheel diameter of J 38 is 4 ft. 8 ins., whereas that of J 39 is 5 ft. 2 ins.

### Why Are Types of Locomotives Named Atlantic, Pacific, and so on?

Because it is an easy way of identifying different types according to their wheel arrangement. The idea originated in America. The wheel plan of an Atlantic is 4.4.2, of a Pacific 4.6.2, and of a Mogul 2.6.0.

### Who First Swam the English Channel?

The first man was Captain Matthew Webb on August 25, 1875, in 21 hours 45 minutes. The first woman was Miss Gertrude Ederle on August 6, 1926, in 14 hours 34 minutes.

### What Are the Weight and Tractive Effort of the L.M.S. Mogul Engines?

The weight with tender is 108 tons 4 cwt.; the tractive effort is 26,580 pounds; and the driving wheels are 5 ft. 6 ins. in diameter.

### Why is There a White Dot in a Letter of the Title of a Newspaper?

The dot indicates the number of the machine on which the paper was printed. A white dot on the sixth letter, for example, indicates that that copy was printed on machine number 6.

## THE GREAT ADVENTURE

### Blazing the Trail to a Warless World

One of the books we should like to see in every library in 1931 is the story of the Ten Years of the League.

In over four hundred closely-packed pages we learn how the League was born, how it grew up, what it is today, what it has done in its first ten years of life, and what it is doing at the moment.

This most certainly is the record of a very great adventure, one which will appeal to all true adventurers and to those who are interested in big doings outside their own circle. For the launching of this League was an adventure as thrilling as any voyage to Arctic seas. General Smuts has called it one of the great miracles of history that mankind has, as it were, at one bound and in the short space of ten years "jumped from the old order to the new across a gulf which may yet prove to be the greatest break in human history."

### The League's Main Problem

Here in this book (it is called Ten Years of World Cooperation) we have the full authoritative account of the League written by officials of the Secretariat, with a foreword by Sir Eric Drummond. Its chapters describe not one but many adventures, of conquering disease, of surmounting trade and financial trouble, of restoring populations stricken by war, of creating friendly relations; and finally there is the immense adventure of blazing the trail to a warless world. How to win this warless world is the main problem of the League, and we do not share the conviction, to which the authors of some parts of the book still cling, that it is to be won by settling disputes and promoting arbitration, security, and disarmament.

We do not agree with the statement made several times that it is the duty and purpose of the League to prevent conflicts, for the League's purpose is infinitely larger than that; and happily others of the joint authors are no less emphatic on the essential importance of international cooperation. They are concerned with building-up the positive peace of friendship and goodwill by a hundred ways and means, without regard to wars or rumours of war, and it is to these constructive pages that most people will turn.

### The Great World-Quest

Surely they will not be disappointed. They may miss one thing the title of the book may have led them to expect: some mention of the vast amount of world cooperation carried on by the very large number of societies existing for that purpose apart from the League; but the book is a record of League activities, and we welcome it most gratefully. It is indispensable for reference, it is enthralling to read, and it is an impelling incentive to every eager adventurer to join the great world-quest for peace by setting forth on whatever particular road his interest and intelligence lead him.

## THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

### Glasgow's Good Deed

The Corporation of Glasgow has done a wise and kindly thing. It has decided to set up what has been called a Darby and Joan village for old couples who would otherwise be driven to the poorhouse and there separated.

It seems cruel that people who have lost everything except the comfort of each other's company should be parted in their extreme poverty, one going to the woman's side of the poorhouse and one to the man's. In order to save them from such a fate the Glasgow Corporation is to set up 150 small cottages round a block of bigger buildings including a hospital and library. There the old couples will live rent-free.



## THE EMPTY PEDESTAL

### A Japanese in Trafalgar Square

#### THE MAN WHO BROUGHT US ORANGES

Strangers come from far lands to learn of us as a rule; but one foreigner, a Japanese, writing to The Times makes a very acceptable suggestion.

Mr Gonnoske Komai has espied the empty pedestal in Trafalgar Square to which the C.N. has frequently drawn attention. He recognises how ample is our harvest of statues to the brave, and makes the suggestion that we should follow the example of Japan and bestow a lasting honour on a man who brought us a new addition to our food supply.

Japan 1800 years ago erected a statue at Fushokoji to commemorate Tajima Mori who, at a time when the Romans were in Britain exporting our corn to the city of the Caesars, carried a living orange tree from China back to his native land, planted it there, and so established a supply of oranges which has never failed Japan.

#### The Chief Scout

So our friend from the Far East invites us to do for the man who introduced the orange into England what Japan did for her benefactor. Unfortunately we do not know the man, but perhaps the idea will not be wasted. Statues exist already in the world to men who have originated good strains of apples, to the pioneers of potatoes and cheese.

Perhaps a more notable figure than that of the man who brought us the orange will yet fill the vacancy in Trafalgar Square; we of the C.N. are still in favour of the Chief Scout sitting there on his horse. But, on the other hand, modern tendencies incline to object to the erection of more statues, and rather to the destruction of some that we have. Some day a Commission will visit many of our cathedrals, churches, parks, and squares, and remove many statues already there. The age has need of a censor with a pickaxe.

## THE DOCKER AND THE THREE NICKELS

### A Big City's Kindly Welcome

By a Travelling Correspondent

The thought of facing New York rather frightened me, writes a C.N. travelling correspondent.

It is said to be so huge, so hurried, and so unfriendly. Docks are never very welcoming places early in the morning of a cold grey day, and I was quite alone. I wanted to telephone.

"Can you give me change for a quarter?" I asked a dock worker, a quarter being a shilling. "Sorry, I can't, but take this nickel," and he gave me a coin for the slot.

The girl at the exchange did not understand my English. I had only been in the country ten minutes and had not perfected my American accent. She gave me the wrong number and my money was gone. I appealed once more to the dock-hand, who supplied me with another nickel. Then I had more bad luck, and he gave me his third and last nickel, with which I succeeded.

After that, who could be afraid of New York, or of the entire continent of North America? The buildings might be huge and the traffic hurried, but the workers were large-hearted, generous, and kind. Be sure I found a news-stand where I got change and refunded the docker, but he would not have cared; he would have felt that he had helped somebody along and would have been quite satisfied.

More copies or part-copies of the Bible were issued last year than ever before.

About 70,000 railway workers are now able to render first-aid.

## ROAD v RAIL

### Is the Competition Fair?

The railways have lost much of their goods traffic to the road carriers.

This transfer is a doubtful gain to the public, for our roads become overloaded with heavy vehicles. The big lorry has become a serious burden on the roads and its use is attended by the loss of many lives.

*On the railways the carriage of goods is made almost entirely without loss of life.*

How is it that motor-lorries on the road are able to carry more cheaply than railways? There is a very simple explanation, and it is one which demands serious attention.

Railways have to buy the land on which they run and to maintain it as a track for their trains. This is a very costly business. When we turn to the motor-lorries, however, we realise that they do not have to buy or prepare a track on which to run; the public does that for them. Thus the road carriers are presented by the public with the chief raw material of their business, whereas the railway companies have to buy theirs.

#### An Inexpensive Privilege

Of course it is true that the road carriers have to pay licence duties in common with other motor-owners, but these duties do not by any means pay for the privilege the road carriers enjoy.

It is very important that our roads should be properly used, but it is also important that the railways should be used. The only way to insure both these things is to establish fair play between them. If the road carriers were compelled to pay a fair charge for the roads the railways would not be unfairly deprived of valuable trade and the public would gain by a restriction of the use of the roads for heavy haulage.

How serious the maintenance of their roads is to railway companies can be realised from the fact that the fifty thousand miles of British railway track cost £6,500,000 a year to maintain apart from renewals, which cost a further £3,500,000, making ten millions a year in all. Relaying work is very costly, for the quantity of material required in a year is 200,000 tons of rails, four and a half million sleepers, and two million tons of ballast!

## A SHIP'S HOLD IN A VALE OF KENT

### Work Going On at the Foot of the North Downs

A model ship's hold containing 120 tons of apples is one of the surprising sights to be seen at the foot of the North Downs in Kent.

The Imperial Bureau of Fruit Production has enlarged its research station at East Malling so as to make it an Empire centre for the study of fruit culture in temperate lands.

The study of the best method of bringing fruits from overseas orchards to this country is of great importance to us, and the largest experimental cold store in the world has been opened at Malling. It has been built like a hold, so that conditions on board ship can be imitated and studied. Here, we imagine, an apple can pass through all the experiences of an apple coming to England from Australia.

#### SELENIUM GETTING BUSY

Queensbury Church, a well-known landmark in Yorkshire, has taken advantage of the selenium cell to light its four clock faces at dusk.

Fifty street lamps in Surrey are also lighted and turned off by selenium cells, which appear to do the work quite well. Another new use for selenium has been to detect the presence of smoke in the hold of a ship, and yet another is to time races by automatically recording a shadow passing before an electric light.

## FOR LITTLE ONE

THE dainty Lady Daffodil  
Hath donned her amber gown,  
And on her fair and sunny head  
Sparkles her golden crown.

Her tall, green leaves, like sentinels,  
Surround my lady's throne,  
And graciously in happy state  
She reigns a queen alone.

Mary Sharpe

#### A Proverb

A CAT may look at a king.

#### A Fable From Aesop

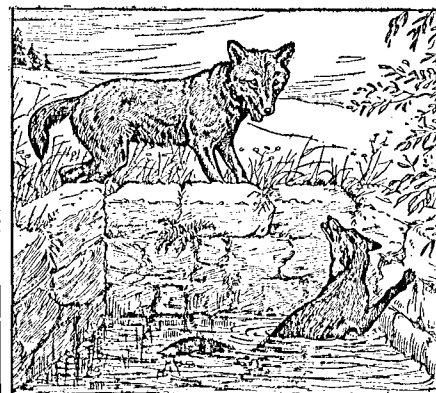
THE FOX AND THE WOLF

A FOX had the misfortune to fall into a well, where he was in danger of drowning. He called for help, and a wolf happened to hear him and came running up to see what was the matter.

"Oh, Mr Wolf," cried the fox, "pray lend me a hand and help me out, or I shall be drowned!"

"Poor creature!" cried the wolf.

"How sorry I am to see you in such a fix! How long have you been here?"



However did it happen? The water must be very cold. Is it very deep?"

"Come, come! This is no time for talking," said the fox. "Help me out of the water first, and then I will tell you all about it."

*Do not stand idly talking when there is work to be done.*

#### A Wise Old Bird

THERE was an old owl who lived in an oak;

The more he heard, the less he spoke;  
The less he spoke, the more he heard:  
I'm going to be like that old bird.

#### The Wisdom of Solomon

A SOFT answer turneth away wrath,  
but grievous words stir up anger.

#### The Donkey

A PROFESSOR had been lecturing, and as he left the classroom he found that one of the students had cheekily dropped into his hat a card upon which was drawn the picture of a donkey with very long ears. He said nothing at the time, but the next day, when he stood before the class, he prefaced his lecture with the remark:

"Gentlemen, I have to thank one of your number for placing his card in my hat. He was too modest to leave his name, but his portrait was excellent."

#### A Saying of Jesus

HE that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.

#### A Little Prayer

SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,  
I would yield that heart to Thee,  
All my powers to Thee surrender,  
Thine and only Thine to be.

## ELECTRIFIED FARMING

### The Pylons Are Working TRANSFORMATION OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

While London and the South-East corner of England are still in the pylon stage the North of England and parts of Scotland have got busy with the electrification of the countryside.

In Cheshire the farmers have set the current to work in their dairies. In Yorkshire electricity heats the hen-roosts, hatches out the chickens, and encourages the hens to accept a longer working day. In Lancashire hay is dried by electricity when the Sun is behind the clouds.

The farmer now turns on a substitute for the Sun with a switch, threshes his wheat and grinds his corn by electric power, and has replaced the old pump handle by an electric motor when water is wanted.

#### An Electric Incubator

Near Chester are an electric corn mill, electric water mills, a 600-acre farm run by electricity, and a poultry farm which hatches 60,000 eggs by the aid of an electric incubator.

In Scotland hundreds of villages have been supplied with electricity by the Grid. The village bootmender has it in his workshop, the old oil-lamp has gone for ever from the village grocer's shop.

In the West Riding of Yorkshire and parts of Derbyshire, Lincolnshire, and Notts one company alone supplies electricity to 200 country towns and villages over 1000 square miles, and the number of consumers is increasing by 7000 a year.

Why do the Home Counties wait?

## THE DUST OF AGES

### On the Beams of St Alban's

Unseen and almost unknown an enemy has been working in our midst for centuries.

It is the wood-boring beetle which has been eating away the oaken roofs which are one of the glories of England. The beams in the tower of the ancient Abbey of St Albans have proved to be the latest victims of the destroyer.

In Westminster Hall it was discovered before the war, and years were required to repair its ravages. Bath Abbey and St Bartholomew's in Smithfield have suffered, but in few places have the beetle's ravaging jaws created more signal destruction than at St Albans.

Four tons of dust which had collected on the vast oak beams have been removed. The dust represented not what the beetles had eaten but theavings from their woody meals in the course of some eight centuries.

Some of the planks have been so eaten away inside that a mere shell remains, and there are beams so hollow where their ends rest on cross-pieces that it is a miracle they have not crashed. In one vault of the choir ceiling 24 cubic feet of solid oak have completely vanished.

The fell work still goes on, and special poisonous preparations have to be made to stay these enemies of the roofs.

We have seen a living specimen which was kept by its owner in a glass tube. It is not a beetle but its larva which does the damage. The larva was not nearly so fearsome in aspect as might have been expected from its name and fame. The beetle is generally called the death-watch beetle, but that is an error.

It is a relative. The proper death-watch beetle, so-called from the strange ticking sound made by its horny sheaths as they rub together, is not a great wood-eater.

The specimen of which we have spoken had to be kept in the tube by a glass stopper. It would have quickly eaten its way through cork.



## THE BAD TRADE OF LAST YEAR

### Heavy Fall in British Exports

#### ENORMOUS IMPORTS OF MANUFACTURES

The Board of Trade account of British commerce in 1930 is a very serious one. In 1929 our commerce was worth £2060 millions, whereas last year it fell to £1702 millions.

It should be borne in mind that this fall was more in value than in volume, because prices fell very heavily.

Among the most unsatisfactory features is the fact that, while our exports of British manufactures have fallen greatly in the last two years, our imports of manufactures have hardly fallen at all, which means that foreign competition has gained very heavily.

#### Astonishing Figures

While in two years our exports of manufactures have fallen by £139,000,000, our imports of manufactures have only fallen by £9,000,000. As prices have fallen, that means that our imports of manufactures have been greatly rising in quantity at a time when business is depressed. That is very remarkable.

If trade were good the imports of manufactures might be a quite healthy sign, but as trade is bad it is astonishing that imports have risen in quantity.

It is also remarkable that in 1930 our imports of raw materials were worth only £212,000,000 as compared with £283,000,000 worth of imported manufactures.

Thus the year ended in gloom for the British trader, and the nation needs to make a very special effort in 1931 to recover its position. The facts demand the instant attention of the Government, but unfortunately we live at a time when political parties are torn and distraught and when it is difficult to gain attention for the things that matter so much to our hard-working people.

## THE CAT IN THE FIDDLE BOX

### Music Hath Charms

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Many people believe cats to be callous, soulless creatures caring for no one and nothing but themselves. We have lately heard of a cat which cared supremely for something very much outside itself, namely, music.

The man who owns this cat is a very good musician, and no sooner does he touch the keys of his piano than the cat comes rushing into the room and settles in an empty violin case which stands on the piano, listens to every sound with rapt attention, and exhibits signs of the greatest enjoyment.

About twelve months ago the man was forced to change his address, and the cat was placed in a covered basket and conveyed to its new home. These proceedings so terrified it that the minute the basket was opened it leaped out, dashed through the open door, and disappeared. Days and weeks passed and it did not return, so that in the end it was given up for lost.

But eight months later it reappeared in the garden, and with great difficulty was lured into the house. It was in a pitiable condition—lean, dirty, and bedraggled, and so wild that all efforts at taming it were of no avail. At last, at his wits' end, the man thought of trying the effect of music. He sat down to the piano and struck a few chords—and lo, Pussy lifted up its head, looked round as one awaking from a dream, and, rushing up to him, began to rub its head against his leg. From that moment it was its old self again, docile, tractable, and affectionate; and soon it was lying, as in the days before its flight, in the empty violin case, purring to show its satisfaction at the lovely sounds.

## LOST IN THE NEVER NEVER

### A Diet of Tadpoles

From the Never Never Land in the dead heart of Australia the airmen who were lost have returned.

They were Captain W. L. Pittendrugh and Mr S. J. Hamre; and no early explorers of the continent ever had a narrower escape. For three weeks they all but starved.

Their plane was forced by bad weather to descend in the desolate North Macdonell Ranges. Petrol failed them first, and then their provisions.

They had to tramp 40 miles to a creek for water, and when there nothing remained for them but to watch and wait for some other aeroplane to find them. They were sustained by the sure knowledge that aeroplanes would be sent out to seek them as soon as they were missed, but the time of waiting was long and hard.

#### The Last Week of Waiting

Once they saw an aeroplane go past without seeing them. What anxiety must then have settled on them! If one plane missed them why should another find them? They built fires for smoke signals. They formed a huge letter T on the ground with ashes, and still they were unseen, and their scanty supply of food was running out.

Three weeks they watched and waited, and in the last week all that remained of the food they had carried was a couple of milk tablets. They shared one. They kept the other, their last resource. There was nothing else to eat but tadpoles, which they caught in the drying creek. If a thunderstorm had not replenished their store of water they might have perished of thirst.

Then one morning their hearts rose as three aeroplanes soared above them. A note fluttered down from one. It asked if they were indeed the lost airmen. If so would they lie flat on the ground?

We can imagine that never did men cast themselves down to the earth with greater joy. They were rescued and taken back to Alice Springs, exhausted but happy.

Their happiness was shared by their rescuers, for in the brave company of airmen there is more rejoicing over two who were lost and are found than over all those who never need to be rescued.

## A NORMAN THREE Flowers That Came With the Conqueror

A suggestion has been made that there should be a memorial to the Conqueror on the cliffs at Falaise in Normandy where he was born, and that on it should be inscribed the names of those who came over with him to England in 1066.

Much pride is felt in some families that their ancestors came over with the Conqueror, and the C.N. wishes to urge the claims of three others to this distinction. We would remember three plants which can still be seen growing in many of our gardens and on many of our Norman ruins as they still grow on the walls and towers of Normandy.

The wallflower is the best known, and it proves its pedigree by its country name of gillyflower, which comes from the Old French giroflée, a name once used for pinks and stocks as well. Next of the Norman Three is the ivy-leaved toadflax, exactly the same today as before the Conquest. It has spread its fairy elegance from Norman keeps to walls and bridges all over England. Last comes the pink, putting on no airs, but looking very humble by the side of some of its modern progeny, the glowing border pinks and carnations.

Might not these humble aristocrats have their place on the cliffs at Falaise, creeping up round the names of the nobles commemorated there?



## I'M FREE

Get this fine "Jolly Golly" brooch in beautiful full-coloured enamel.

## Join the "Jolly Gollys"

"Jolly Gollys" are always merry and bright. Ready to play. Willing to work. Healthy, happy girls and boys.

You'll know them by their bright enamel "Jolly Golly" Brooch. Get yours FREE now!

Send one outside wrapper from "Golden Shred" Marmalade and two from "Golden Shred" Jams to "C.N.," Golden Shred Works, Catford, London, S.E. Be careful to enclose your full name and address.

#### MOTHERS!

"Golden Shred" Preserves are good for children. Good for health. Good for growth. Good to eat. The purest you can buy. Made from fresh fruits and pure sugar only. Try them.

#### "GOLDEN SHRED" MARMALADE.

Famous for 70 years.

#### "GOLDEN SHRED"

Ginger Marmalade  
Blackcurrant Jam  
Strawberry Jam  
Raspberry Jam  
Wild Bramble Jelly

#### "SILVER SHRED"

Lemon Jelly  
Marmalade and  
ROBERTSON'S  
... MINCEMEAT ...

#### COAX MOTHER TO BUY

## 'Golden Shred'

### MARMALADE AND JAMS TO-DAY

## The Stamp Collector's Corner

### The World's Finest Approval

sheets are at your disposal. For 51 years we have made a speciality of sending out sheets of stamps on approval. Ask to see some and compare the quality and prices with those of other firms. To all applicants enclosing 11d. for postage we will present, gratis, a set of 4 Trinidad and Tobago stamps if the application is addressed to Department 91, BIRKINGTON & MARTIN, South Hackney, London, E.9. ESTABLISHED 1880.

### "1000 PACKET" 4 1d.

500 excellently mixed stamps, complete sheet of 100 Post, 2 1d. ex. unused, 12-page book. 25 British Colonials, 375 Strip Mounts (three times as quick as the old-fashioned, single ones), also my fine illustrated list. Senders of stamp-collecting friends' addresses will receive in addition a free set. Ask to see my cheap approval sheets.

WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Granville Rd., BARNET.

### THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S CORNER

Readers interested in the above will be pleased to know that this feature will appear twice monthly in the "Children's Newspaper." The next Stamp Collector's Corner will be published in the issue dated February 14th.

### FREE Wonderful 1931 Offer. 31

New Issues and Novelties. Including Austria (new pictorial), Belgium (Leopold Centenary), Bosnia (unused), Chili (1898 unused), Ecuador (1909 Commem., cat. 3d.), F.M.S., Greece (1930 Centenary), Hungary (Charity), Japan, Philippines (Hoy King), Salvador, Spanish Morocco (1903), Turkey (pictorial), Venezuela, etc. I will send this collection absolutely free to all stamp collectors sending 2d. postage (abroad 3d.). Only one gift to each applicant. G. P. KEEF, Mortimer Lodge, Wimbledon Pk., LONDON, S.W.19.

### ENGLISH £1 & 10/- STAMPS

These two stamps (issued and used for a special fiscal purpose) with eight others, including one nearly 50 YEARS OLD and other OLD English postage stamps GIVEN AWAY free of charge to genuine applicants for selections of duplicate stamps on approval. 500 superior stamps, all different, post free 1/6. 50 Bulgaria, all different, 9d.

#### HENRY TURNER,

110, Barnett Rd., HOLLINGBURY, Brighton, Sussex.

### Marvellous Stamp Casket FREE

Everything for Stamp Collectors, including Matlock Tweezers, Kristal-Klear Envelopes, Matlock Mounts, and Set of 4 rare Siam. The Casket has hinged lid showing in colour the Highest English Precipice—at Matlock, the Home of Philately. It also combines a Watermark Detector and Perforation Gauge. Send 3d. postage, or, including Magnifying Glass, 4d. Ask for Approvals.

VICTOR BANCROFT (Dept. C.N.), Matlock, Eng. and.

When answering advertisements please mention The Children's Newspaper.

### LEARN CONJURING BY NEW FILM-PHOTO METHOD

ASTONISH your friends by conjuring. At last you can learn the innermost secrets of Magic—not just card or parlour tricks—but REAL PROFESSIONAL CONJURING and STAGE ILLUSIONS. You learn AT HOME, IN STARTLING TIME, by means of unique printed Cinema Film Photos. You can start performing after the first few lessons. Magic is one of the most paying hobbies in the world, as well as one of the most fascinating.

You need no money for materials. We supply sufficient apparatus for many thrilling programmes FREE. Write to-day for our FREE BOOK, "Magic for Pleasure and Profit," enclosing 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.

THE RUPERT HOWARD SCHOOL, 73, GREYCOAT HOUSE, GREYCOAT PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1.

### EXPERT CONTRIBUTORS—

are all at your service if you read POPULAR WIRELESS. Week by week they will give you particulars of the newest and latest developments in the world of Radio. If you are not getting the fullest possible satisfaction from your set, POPULAR WIRELESS will probably put you right. If you can't get as many foreign stations as the chap next door—again, P.W. will put you right. Place a regular order with your newsagent right away.

## POPULAR WIRELESS

Buy a Copy TO-DAY.



# RICHARD LUCKLESS

Serial Story by  
Mary Carruthers

## What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of what has happened before appeared in last week's issue.

### CHAPTER 9

#### The Man in the Red Cloak

THE crimson flare died in the west, and Richard faced the night—hours and hours of tossing in his cockleshell of a boat on choppy waters. All too slowly came the summer dawn at last.

Hours and hours of trying to make headway, paddling with the rowing boards toward the far-distant blue of coast. Hunger and thirst held him, and the remorseless passage of day and night.

It was surely thundering on land; there was a distant booming from the haze on the skyline, though the sun was on the sea, which seemed strangely empty of barque or sail. If only some rain would fall!

He spent the last ounce of his strength in splitting one of his rowing boards. He took off his shirt and tore it into strips, lashed the two pieces of wood together, knotted the rest of the linen to the top, and managed to fix it to the bow of the boat as a signal for help. It was his last effort. He lay down in the bottom of the boat to let the winds and waves carry him where they would; he was done with the struggle.

Suddenly he started up.

Who could it be that was trumpeting so triumphantly on the high seas? Richard dragged himself to his knees to see a glorious, terrible vision.

Toward him surged a golden sea-fury, a three-decked ship with the snaky lines, the threatening beak-head, the high stern of the ancient galley. Two little sails strained forward from the bowsprit, above and below. Royals and topgallants swelled from all the other masts. On their peaks streamed flags with the leopards of England and pennants with the red cross of St George. Three tiers of guns glared through the square holes in her sides, and from the sharp stem which clove the water like a swordfish to the high, heavy stern she was so carved and gilded that she shone like a vessel of wrought gold. On she swept like an angry swan. Who carries news of victory to the Lord Protector of England has no time to waste.

In vain Richard shook his flag and called weakly for help. To the tune of her own trumpets the golden ship stormed past.

Scattered in the distance, he could see her consorts following her.

"Men-of-war," he said to himself. "Our fleet coming back from fighting the Dutch. Little chance of my being picked up by any of them."

Once more he sank back in the boat. From a lethargy of weakness and despair he was aroused an hour or so later. He was in the lee-way of a laggard of the fleet, a great warship with her mizzen mast half gone, bearing the marks of battle and rolling heavily. She passed him by so close that, as his boat was wallowing in her wash, Richard could see a man standing aft in full armour with a red cloak on. He knew that sturdy figure, that high-coloured, handsome, impassive face. Once more he struggled up and shouted through cracked lips, "Save me, for the love of Devon!"

The man in red turned to others beside him, gave orders. A rope was slung to Richard. He caught it, but could do no more. Down another rope a little seaman came scrambling, as nimble as a monkey. He looped the first rope round Richard, dragged him to his feet, to be hauled up the side of the ship by two soldiers. He lay in a heap on deck, and the man in the red cloak looked down on him.

"How come you in this case?" said he.

"A castaway," Richard answered faintly. "Water, for the love of heaven!"

"Give him but little at a time," said the other, "and then sling a hammock for him in the cockpit with the wounded. The surgeon will look to him."

He turned away, leaving him to be tended by the three men who had effected his rescue—Henry Tucker, a small red-headed seaman; Jeremy Rathbon and John Miles, two Roundhead middle-aged soldiers in buff coats and iron back-and-breasts.

"What is thy name?" asked Jeremy.

"And how camest thou to be a castaway?"

"My name is Richard Luckless," Richard replied. "The crew cast me out because they thought I brought them ill-fortune. They threw lots, and the black bullet fell to my share. I do ill to tell the tale. Haply

ye will think that I may prove Jonah to another ship."

"Rail not against the dispensations of Providence," said Jeremy, the severer of the twain. "Give thanks rather that thou art saved, and that the heart of the General-at-Sea was moved to order thy rescue. Touching the superstition that thou art a bringer of ill-luck, it is hardly likely that thy lowly presence would change the fortune of this favoured vessel, the flagship of the fleet, the Resolution."

"Luckless indeed, the other way round," John Miles chimed in, a soldier of a stout and cheerful cast. "Lucky to catch the eye of Honest George, for he in the red cloak is no less a man than the General-at-Sea."

Richard gulped the water they were offering him but never said a word, though very well he knew General Monk's handsome face, successful soldier of fortune and son of an old Devonshire family. He had often dined at the house of his grandfather, Sir Vivian Vaine. Still, it was scarcely likely that Monk would recognise the demure, well-dressed youth of Reynard's Retreat in the haggard castaway in rags begrimed with coal-dust.

Richard's face broke into one of his rare and winning smiles.

"I am very grateful to his Honour," said he, "but I am still more thankful to you good fellows who hauled me out of the sea. But I have not tasted a bite these last three days. Could I have something to eat?"

"Just a crumb of biscuit at a time," said the seaman Henry, "till thou be more used to food. See, lads, we had best take him below."

In a little while Richard lay in a hammock, in a clean shirt, feeling a different man. They had taken all his ragged garments away, except his jerkin. To that he clung so tenaciously, though they promised him a new one, that it was put in the locker beside him.

Said Jeremy Rathbon to John Miles, after they left the youth, "That is a strange fish we have hauled out of the water."

"Neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring," put in Henry the seaman.

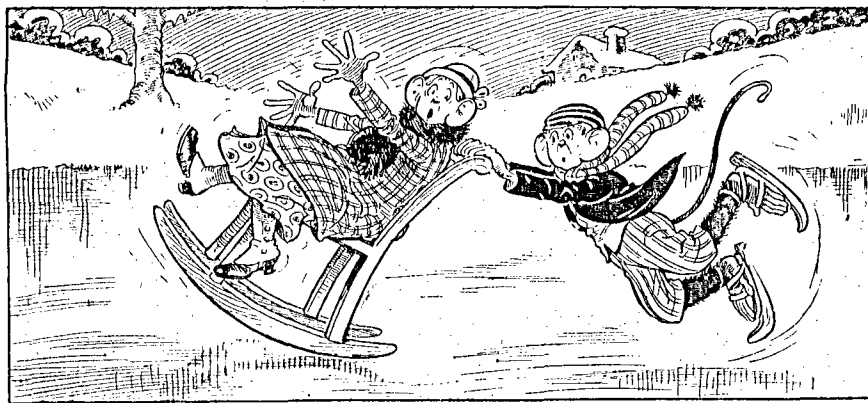
"Not so," said John Miles, who had been a serving-man in a college at Cambridge.

## JACKO ON THE ICE

WHEN Mother Jacko shivered and said how she hated the cold, her husband said: "Nonsense! The cold's good for you: it kills the germs."

Just then Jacko came in, flinging open the hall door and letting in an icy blast of wind.

"Shut that door!" roared his father. "Do you want to kill us?"



The chair tipped up at an alarming angle

Jacko grinned, and gave the door a kick that sent it back staggering.

"It's topping out!" he said. "Freezing hard. There'll be skating in the morning."

He was right, for when morning came the danger notice had been taken down from the pond and already the boys were on it.

As soon as he had found his skates Jacko followed them.

Chimp was there, and a fine time they had together.

"You ought to come on, Mater," said Jacko, when he dashed home, breathless, to get his dinner.

"His voice is the voice of a scholar. How he came in his present plight I know not, but I think he is sprung from gentle kin."

### CHAPTER 10

#### On Board the Resolution

THE Resolution and her consorts had put into Southwold Harbour, to disembark her wounded men and to refit.

Richard was still aboard, not much the worse; up and dressed in an odd medley of clothes, contributed partly by the ship's stores, partly by John and Jeremy, who had taken a liking to the youth whom they had saved. Indeed, this time Richard seemed to have fallen on his feet. The master of the ship had a viol da gamba, and it had been found out that the castaway was an excellent performer on that instrument, as well as possessing a good singing voice and a fund of ditties. He became very popular in the fore-castle.

He and his friends were talking idly on deck. "Why did they give the General a flagship like the Resolution?" asked Richard, "so hopelessly slow of sail?"

"It is not all the old ship's fault," said Henry. "The General overgunned her, as a soldier would do. He is all for fighting with mountains of iron, and conducting his battles on the water same as he does on land. Odd to think that a landlubber should win such victories at sea. Old George does not know one end of the ship from the other. When the master called larboard, or starboard, as the case might be, 'All right, lads,' he would shout. 'Let's board her.' And away the old tub would roll again through the enemy lines. Aye, sixteen ships she held single-handed one time. But they are going to give him a fine new flagship, the Swiftsure."

"I should have given him the golden ship I saw ruffling her sails on the race to England," exclaimed Richard.

"You mean the Sovereign of the Seas," returned Henry. "The Golden Fury, the Dutchmen call her. See, here comes Jeremy from the quarter-deck, looking as if he carried orders."

"The General has sent for thee, Luckless," announced Jeremy.

Richard stood hesitating. Now that he was less of a ragamuffin he had no desire to meet the keen eyes of George Monk. If he recognised him he might tell his people, and Richard considered himself bound in

honour to Rupert to disappear. Still, there was no help for it, he must obey the summons. Monk met so many fresh faces in the course of his arduous life he might not remember a mere acquaintance. Yet when he stood before George Monk, a handsome figure in buff coat and gold fringed crimson sash, the General fixed a piercing gaze upon him, and barked out, "Where have I seen thy face before?"

"Haply in Devon, sir," said Richard, standing his ground. "More humble folk there know the Monks of Potheridge than your Honour will rightly remember."

"What crime hadst thou done that thou wert treated so savagely by the crew?" was the next question.

"No hanging matter, your Honour," answered Richard. "I wished to push my fortunes in London, and my people forbade me. So I shipped as a stowaway in the Pride of Cardiff, a Welsh boat carrying coal to London. I could not remain longer in the hold, there was an old crazy man hidden there already. I gave myself up to the captain. Misfortunes fell on the ship. The crew, all Welsh and wild, speaking but little of English, put the blame on me, and cast me out in a little boat with neither food, water, nor cars."

"But their ill-luck did not depart with me. After I had drifted far away I saw boats putting off from the Pride of Cardiff, and the smoke of her burning going up to the sky. The old crazy man must have set fire to her."

"I had given myself up for lost, when your Honour stayed on your course of victory, and gave orders that I should be saved. Dare I ask a further boon? Let me bide in the Resolution till she makes her entry into London?"

"Your Honour," said the chaplain, standing beside Monk, "the lad seems to have been decently brought up in a Puritan household. He has a fine voice and can sing many goodly psalms and hymns."

"He knows many ballads, too, of the West Country," said the ship's master. "And he can play on my viol da gamba. Let him stay. He can make music when your Honour dines, in place of John Penn, who was killed in the battle."

"So be it," Monk replied.

Some days later the Resolution and her consorts were sailing down the Thames to London. Guns were roaring, flags were waving, caps were being tossed in the air. Monk was to receive a magnificent gold chain and medal, a public thanksgiving. On deck stood Richard, who had always been a country cousin and never left Devon. Before him London unrolled itself, little changed from the days of Queen Elizabeth, first a straggling border of houses and landing-stages by the river, chimneys and vats of soapmakers, dyers, brewers, sending forth clouds of black smoke and evil odours, the town itself appearing by its beautiful waterway, picturesque timber-built houses, steep roofs with red tiles, thatch here and there, the spires of its hundred and nine churches ascending above the low houses, and the great mass of old St Paul's dominating all.

As they drew near Billingsgate Richard sought out his friends to say farewell.

"Why, lad, art thou not returning to the ship?" asked John. "We shall miss thee and thy melody. Stay on the Resolution."

"I shall miss you too," Richard answered half wistfully; he had liked these unlooked-for friends. "But I must retrieve my fortunes."

"Thou wilt do that better in the Resolution than by fiddling and singing in London hostleries," said Jeremy reprovingly.

Richard stiffened.

"That is not the way I shall employ myself," he said haughtily, then, on a softer note, "Farewell it must be, kind friends. May we meet again!"

John Miles wrung his hand, saying:

"When we do may fortune have changed for thee, Richard Luckless."

Richard wandered, caught like a clumsy fly in the web of London's narrow cobbled streets, at times more fit for the passage of a wheelbarrow than a cart. The gutter flowed in the midst of the causeway. Without a footpath, the cobblestones, beaten in with sand and gravel, stretched from one side to the other of the rows of timber-built houses, with windows set picturesquely in walls of roughcast plaster and overhanging storeys nearly touching each other at the top.

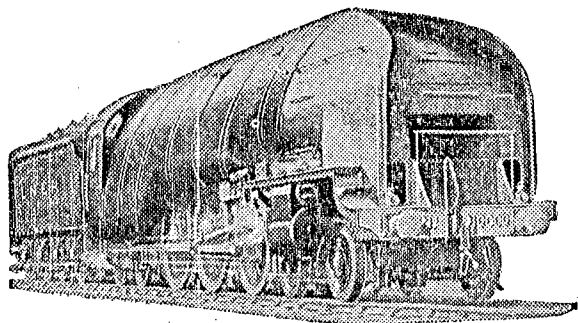
Though so strait the streets were crowded. The country youth was jostled this way and that with hawkers crying their wares, and sturdy knaves carrying sacks of small coal to sell.

TO BE CONTINUED



# FREE!

## 9 Big Coloured Engine Plates



### GIVEN TODAY L.N.E.R. "HUSH-HUSH" ENGINE

Last week a plate of the L.M.S. Engine "Fury" and a Folder for keeping the pictures were given.

There will be another splendid picture every week for eight weeks, with—

## MODERN BOY

Get Your Copy NOW! - - - - 2d.

## The little that means so much!

It is the multiplicity of small donations that means so much in the furtherance of our work for the little people. There must be no delay in the treatment of the tiny tots if they are to have a fair chance. It is by treating the trouble at the beginning that so much suffering is avoided in later years.

### SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES!

President	:	:	H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD.
Chairman	:	:	SIR GOMER BERRY, Bart., J.P.
Treasurer	:	:	ROBERT MOND, Esq.
Medical Director	:	:	ERIC FRITCHARD, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P.

## THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

VINCENT SQUARE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

Secretary—A. J. SMALL, Esq.

## "HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food or Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Anything will be gratefully received by

LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1  
President—WALTER SCOTTS, Esq.

**KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES**, 1½ lb. 5/-, 3 lbs. 10/-. Excellent for Children's Garments, etc. White or Navy, 3/4 lb. Various shades 3/11½ lb. post free. **PURE WOOL SERGES** from 2/11 to 25/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Tailoring, Cottons, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure.

**NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.**  
EGERTON, WELLINGTON,  
BURNETT'S, SOMERSET,  
N.C. DEPT. ENGLAND.

## A HOT MUG OF COCOA

and three slices of bread, butter or jam are given to hundreds of little hungry children every week. Remember the little ones these bitter mornings. 3d. pays for one breakfast; 2/6 for 10; 10/- for 40; and 25/- for 100. How many may I entertain as your guests?

Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH, East End Mission, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

## STOP THAT COLD!



### "A drop on your handkerchief"

Between the first and the second sneeze there is time to take precautions. You can either neglect the oncoming cold, with all its unpleasant and possibly dangerous consequences, or you can stop the infection with "Vapex."

"Vapex" is so pleasant that nobody who has ever used it hesitates between the two alternatives. Simply put a drop on the handkerchief. As you breathe it grows stronger and stronger. It searches out the germs and deprives them of their power for mischief. The head is relieved. The "stuffiness" goes. The whole respiratory system is gently stimulated to increased resistance.

"Vapex" stops colds quickly because it goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the warm passages of the nose and throat. The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour brings a powerfully active germicide into direct contact with the germs.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/- per bottle

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD., BARDSLEY VALE  
V. 56

## SOLVING THE HEALTH PUZZLE

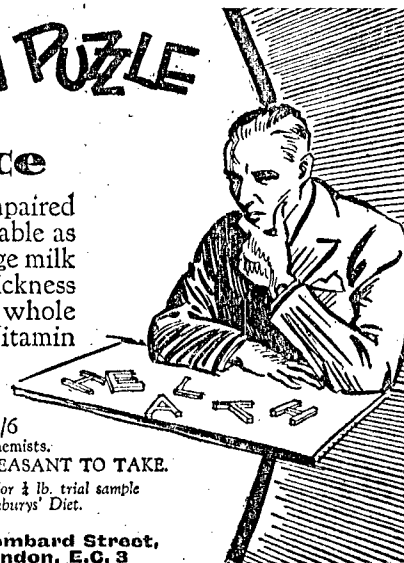
### In Convalescence

When the digestive powers are weak or impaired the 'Allenburys' Diet is pre-eminently suitable as a basis of feeding. It replaces with advantage milk and milk dishes commonly employed in sickness and convalescence. Made from selected whole wheat and fresh creamy milk with added Vitamin D, it is just what you require.



In tins at  
2/1, 4/- and 7/6  
of all Chemists.  
**EASY TO MAKE. PLEASANT TO TAKE.**  
Send 3d. in stamps for 1 lb. trial sample  
of the 'Allenburys' Diet.

**ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.,** 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3





The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

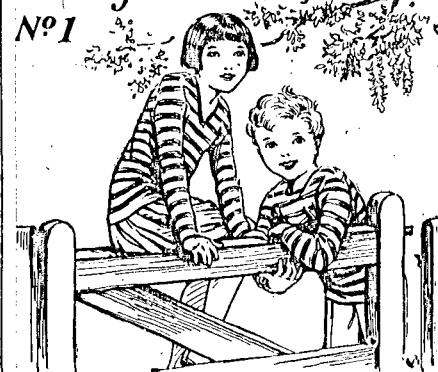
January 31, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

## The Kolynos Kiddies

No 1



The Kolynos Kiddies,  
Called Collin and Ka'e,  
Love swinging about on  
The side-Garden gate.

The folks who pass by say :  
"What teeth, strong and white !"  
They reply : "WE use Kolynos,  
Morning and night !"

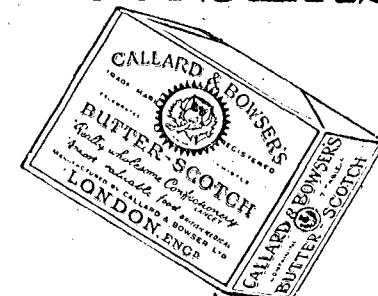
Everyone notices and admires good  
teeth : and it's so easy for every  
child to have them. Half-an-inch  
of Kolynos on a firm, dry brush  
is enough for each occasion and  
gives a lovely foam. It keeps the  
teeth clean and white, strengthens  
the gums, makes the mouth taste  
and feel nice and sweet.

## KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Test Kolynos Free. Send a card to-day to  
Kolynos (Dept. 50A), Chancery Street, London,  
W.C.1, giving your name and address. You  
will receive a free sample by return of post.  
All dentists recommend Kolynos; every Chemist sells it.



**Callard & Bowser's**  
**Butter-Scotch**



**Butter-Scotch**

IN PACKETS  
**2<sup>3</sup> each 1/4 lb 6<sup>3</sup> 1/2 lb 1<sup>1</sup>**

Enquiries to :  
CALLARD & BOWSER LTD., Duke's Road, London, W.C.1

SCP

## THE BRAN TUB

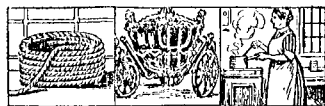
### The Numbers on the Doors

IN a small hotel in a provincial town all the bedrooms were on one side of a corridor. A man who was staying in one of the rooms noticed that if he added up the numbers on the doors to the left of his room and to the right the totals were the same.

What was the number of his room, and how many rooms were there?

Answer next week

### Ici On Parle Français



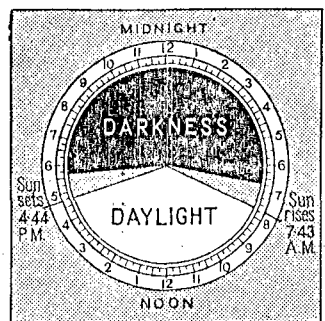
La glène Le carrosse La cuisinière  
Une glène est le rond d'un cordage.  
Le Lord-Maire sortira en carrosse.  
La cuisinière fait une bonne sauce.

### A Kitchen Charade

My first is in custard but not in salt,  
My second's in mutton but not in malt,  
My third's in potatoes but not in rye,  
My fourth is in beef-steak but not in pie,  
My fifth is in oxtail but not in ham,  
My sixth is in pudding but not in jam,  
My seventh's in cabbage but not in lamb,  
My whole, when it is very good,  
Lends extra savour to our food.

Answer next week

### Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. The daylight gets longer each day.

### The First Bird to Nest

WHICH is the first of our birds to nest?

The raven, which returns to the same nest each season, begins to make repairs soon after the coming of the new year. A few weeks later the hen bird will be sitting on four or five eggs, and some time in February the babies will be hatched. The nest, which

receives additions each year, is often enormous and may contain a cartload or more of sticks, dry grass, straw, and other oddments.

The raven is not uncommon in the more lonely parts of the country such as Cornwall, the Lake District, and in Wales and Scotland. It is not often seen because it is a very shy bird. When travelling any distance it flies at a considerable height.

### Word Multiplication

IN the following multiplication sum the figures 0 to 9 have been replaced by letters. Can you find the value of each letter? When they are arranged in their numerical order they will spell a word meaning eat greedily.

AMZNOEG I  
DR

ZIIGMZOA  
RDMOOOAAARG

RIOZZOZRMA

Answer next week

### A Long Frost

THE longest frost recorded in London lasted for 59 days : from November 25, 1890, to January 22, 1891. That winter was also the driest known in England, for the rainfall measured at Greenwich was less than 2½ inches.

### Against the Grain

AN expression sometimes used for anything that is irksome or distasteful is that "it goes against the grain." This is a reference to the fact that a carpenter's plane will not move smoothly over the wood unless it is used in the direction of the grain.

### A Row of Halfpennies

A ROW of 1440 pennies, each touching the next, measures 48 yards. There are as many halfpennies in a row 5 feet long as there are pennies in a row 2 yards long.

How many halfpennies would there be in a row 50 yards long?

Answer next week

### A Roman Cross Word

SQUARE words, from which cross word puzzles have been evolved, appear to have been in vogue among the Romans in occupation of Britain 1700 years ago. In the Corinium Museum at Cirencester is a slab found during excavations in that city in 1868. It is described in the museum guide as a fragment of painted wall-plaster, with the squared words scratched on lines

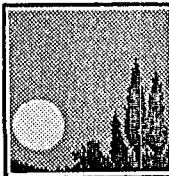
through the surface colour. Here are the words, which, interpreted, mean : "Arepo the sower guides the wheels at work."

ROTAS  
OPERA  
TENET  
AREPO  
SATOR

This is a very ingenious example, for it will be noticed that the puzzle can also be read backward—that is to say, the last word is the first word reversed, and so on.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Mercury are in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter, Mars, Eros, and Neptune are in the South-East; and Uranus is in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 p.m. on Tuesday, February 3.



### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

#### Look Before You Leap

35. The last girl received her chocolates in the box.

#### The C.N. Cross-Word Puzzle

EXPIATE ENTRANT  
M INFORMATIOMU  
UNTO RAT LADY  
AN ORB N OLD SET  
GIN EEL BUS FAR  
ATOM DEMUR TIRE  
I DUL SE OSIER E  
NEEDS RAY FEEDS

#### A Picture Puzzle

SAND  
AREA  
NEST  
DATE

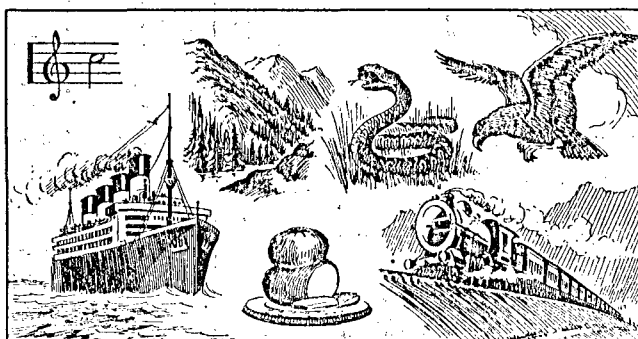
#### A Charade

Shakespeare

#### An Acrostic

Misha P  
Idah O  
Lvit Y  
Lmo N  
A ver T  
Inflam E  
Summe R

### Central Acrostic Picture Puzzle



THE words represented by these pictures have the same number of letters. Write them one under another in such order that the centre letters spell the name of a country.

Answer next week

## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

LESS than a hundred years ago a shepherd boy named Pieter was wandering in the foothills near the Orange River in South Africa, looking after his master's sheep.

From where he was sitting Pieter could see the farm buildings away to the south, and he thought—as he had thought a hundred times before—"I wish I were rich enough to buy some sheep and oxen and be a farmer myself."

He whistled to the dog to round up some sheep that had strayed too far off, and then went on with his dreams. But they were soon broken into by the sight of a man coming toward him through the foothills. The man was not a native of those parts, for Pieter knew everyone

who lived within twenty miles of the farm. Pieter watched him approaching.

"Can you give me a drink of water, boy? I'm parched with thirst."

Pieter gave the man his flask, and the two sat together in the shade of an overhanging crag.

"Thanks," said the stranger gratefully when he had taken a long drink; and he lay back and fanned himself.

The two started to talk, and Pieter, who was rather tired of the company of sheep, was glad the stranger had come that way. As he told the man who he was and where he worked he pulled a round stone out of his pocket and tossed it in the air, catching and tossing it

idly. Suddenly he felt his hand seized by the stranger, who said : "Where did you get that stone?"

His eyes were shining strangely as he examined the rough, whitish-looking stone.

Pieter sat up and said :

"That's my lucky stone, sir. I found it near the river."

The stranger was behaving in a most peculiar way : he was almost fondling the stone. Pieter nearly laughed, for it was just a rather ordinary-looking stone like a round piece of washing-soda.

The stranger spoke almost breathlessly.

"Look here, boy ! If you'll give me this stone I'll give you five hundred sheep—"

"What?" exclaimed Pieter in astonishment.

## THE WONDER STONE

"Five hundred sheep and ten oxen—"

"Oxen!" repeated the bewildered boy.

"Ten oxen and a horse in exchange for it. What d'you say?"

Pieter was nearly speechless now. "Are you a wizard?" he gasped.

The man laughed. "No; but I'm a man of my word. I want this stone, and I'll give you all those animals, as I say."

So, in truth, very soon Pieter found that his dream had actually come true. He became a real farmer, with sheep and oxen and a horse to ride on. But he did not know until long after that his lucky stone was a large, rough diamond worth thousands of pounds.